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REDPATH:

—OR,—

THE WESTERN TRAIL.

A Story of Frontier Life and Adventure.

By DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

The partisan was already watching the approach of Headley, wondering what the object of his visit might be. The mutinous trapper drew near with a downcast look.

"Captain Brion," he said, penitently, "I have no right to expect a friendly reception from one, whom I fear, I have treated very unhand. somely."

"Your conduct, Mr. Headley, has been well calculated to forfeit my good will, and your presence in camp cannot be regarded by me as a very welcome event," returned Brion, coldly.

"I expected such a reply; my behaviour has merited severe reproof. I came prepared to hear your reproaches patiently, and to confess that I deserve them," returned Headley, in the same humble tones.

"By the beard of Smith, yes!" said Buckeye, in a suppressed voice.

"Before you say more, let me ask why are you here?" resumed Brion, with considerable sternness.

"To acknowledge frankly, captain, that I have been in fault, and to beg to be restored, partially, at least, to your confidence."

"To have confidence in a man who has forfeited his word, and forgotten his duties, as you have done, will prove exceedingly difficult, I suspect, to one who, like me, is strong in his prejudices. Where are those who went with you?"

"Some of them have joined another band of trappers, and the remainder are on their way to Fort Laramie."

"And the gold-seeking expedition—"

"Is abandoned."

Brion mused a moment.

"Mr. Headley," he added, "if I had any means of testing your sincerity, your apologies should be accepted."

"Try me," said Headley, "and if you find one in your band more quick to obey your orders, then you shall be at liberty to doubt my sincerity. My original agreement, I am aware, is forfeited, and I do not ask to be fully reinstated, but merely to be tolerated among you; more I cannot reasonably expect."

"My nature, sir, is a frank, unsuspecting one. You recollect the old adage, 'To err is human,' etc. I am disposed to overlook your fault, and restore you once more to your place, and I trust my confidence will not be abused."

The parties were standing near Mignon's tent, and at that juncture that young lady appeared. She approached the partisan, remarking that she feared Balaam was growing worse. "It is extremely unfortunate," she added, "that you have not a physician in your party."

Headley, who saw Mignon advancing, exhibited considerable surprise, fixing his eyes so intently upon her, that she could not but be aware of his close scrutiny. Her beauty dazzled the unstable Missourian. He had expected to see a masculine young woman, possessed of no more charms than Don Quixote's Dulcinea; therefore the loveliness of Mignon was a revelation so unexpected, that he could do nothing but stare at the fair apparition. He was recalled to a sense of propriety by Brion's reply, who said:

"Here is a man who can legitimately lay claim to more knowledge of the healing art, doubtless, than myself. Mr. Headley, step this way, and examine, if you will, Miss Bellmar's servant, whose condition seems very critical."

"With pleasure," answered the Missourian, "and I hope my humble skill may be of service." Headley manifested some disappointment when he discovered that his patient was a negro; but he disguised the feeling, and with a perceptible exhibition of his former importance, proceeded to prescribe. The sight of Mignon affected him much, changing almost instantly the whole current of his thoughts. He made the declaration (mentally, of course) that he had never met a lovelier woman. While she was present, he was more attentive to her than to Balaam, watching her slightest movement, the varying expression of her countenance, listening to her words, wondering that so much sense and beauty should be united in one person. A new and stronger passion than he had yet known was taking possession of his being, and bearing him irresistibly along to new scenes in his destiny. Like all vacillating minds, he yielded to this new impulse without a struggle against it; he rather invited it, and was pleased with the novelty of loving a maiden like Mignon. His first and most natural wish was to be constantly near her; in that particular fortune had favored him, for in the capacity of physician to the black, he should unquestionably see her oftener than under other circumstances, and in a more confidential way, too. He congratulated himself upon his luck, and abandoned his uncurbed nature to love at first sight; which, if it be not enduring, makes up in intensity what it lacks in stability. He could now fathom Mariot's motives, so far as this attractive divinity was concerned. He desired to secure her person, not so much for humanity's sake, as for his own; for it seemed to Headley impossible that one who had once seen Mignon should not love her.

Whirled around in the vortex of passion like a straw in a whirlpool, sleep fled Headley's eyes during the greater portion of the night. He formed wild projects, and planned a campaign in which Cupid was to play an important part. Jealousy, too, attended his new-grown sentiment; he was jealous of Brion and of Mariot, and determined to outwit them both. He made an early visit to his patient, so early that he was disappointed in his expectation of seeing Mignon, and compelled to wait an interminable hour. How anxiously he listened to hear the sound of her footsteps, or the rustling of her dress—sounds that were desirable, because they admonished him that the object of his admiration was near. To his heated imagination, she was more beautiful than on the preceding night, he discovered graces that had then entirely escaped his notice. To disguise his tenderness before Brion and other parties who might possibly be interested, was a desideratum which he did not overlook. He assumed a thoughtful, unpretending demeanor, studied as opportunity offered the character of Mignon, and gave unremitting attention to Balaam.

Days passed on, revealing to Headley the felicity of Brion, and the calm trust of Mignon. He was maddened at the successes of one toward whom he had never felt any friendship, and one, too, that his conscience assured him was much his superior in moral attributes and sterling qualities. He saw them walk together, and the sight was hateful to him; he heard them speaking in low and confidential tones, and the sounds were torture to his ears. To abnegate, if possible, the advantages of his rival, he played his most agreeable character, treating her with a deference which might have been very flattering to one less discerning. Next to Brion, he dreaded and feared Buckeye, who felt an aversion for him which he did not attempt to conceal. If there was any person in the band capable of penetrating his motives and baffling his purpose, it was he; and that he would take pleasure in doing so, his actions justified him in believing.

The partisan, absorbed in the presence of Mignon and the depths of his happiness, and grateful for the attentions which he rendered the black, grew daily less observant of Headley, until his movements were entirely unwatched by him. It was then that the Missourian began to take walks by himself, which daily grew longer and extended farther from the camp. As he returned regularly, and deported himself well, no suspicion was excited so far as Brion was concerned, and the latter ceased to think of the matter.

One circumstance annoyed the Missourian; he was satisfied that Buckeye had followed him on more than one occasion, which was a species of espionage threatening to prove fatal to his plans. After many attempts he succeeded in eluding, he believed, the vigilance of the trapper. The hour was between sunset and dark. By a circuitous route he reached the arm of timber, near which the steel arrow had been so singularly projected by an unseen bowman, and into the tree upon which the figure of a man had been carved with the point of a knife. A person advanced from the timber and met him, it was the half-breed. Together they passed into the obscurity of the wood, and conferred earnestly for a long time, when Headley hurried back to the canon. At eleven o'clock, when the partisan walked through the encampment, according to his habit, everything was as usual, and he went to sleep with the consciousness that all was safe.

When he visited Mignon's tent in the morning, he found Balaam its only occupant, Mignon was not there. While he was wondering at the circumstance, Buckeye came to inform him that several of the horses had been stolen during the night, Mignon's, among others.

"Where is Headley?" asked Brion.

"He's not to be found," said Buckeye. "By the beard of Smith!"

CHAPTER XIV.

BRION IN A NEW DIFFICULTY.

BRION lost no time in useless repinings over what had happened. That he was perplexed and anxious will be believed, and needs no affirmation. With characteristic promptness he commenced a search for Mignon. The ground around the tent was thoroughly examined, but it was not of a nature to leave a trail; there was a rocky ridge extending a mile or two from the canon, upon which the foot of man or horse could make no impression. Though sharp-sighted and experienced, the partisan was unable to determine the course of the missing maiden. Under these circumstances, he mounted his horse to make a more general investigation, hoping to strike the trail of the captors at a greater distance from camp. He also sent out some of the more skilful woodsmen of his party for the same purpose. Buckeye, like a faithful friend, attended the captain, as much interested in the search, apparently as he.

"I always mistrusted the cretur," quoth the trapper, alluding to Headley, "and you remember, perhaps, that I advised you to have nothing to do with him, notwithstandin' his penitence like."

"Your suspicions were at first shared by me; but his correct deportment afterward restored my confidence," returned the mountaineer.

"I'm not blamin' ye for bein' charitable, as 'twere, because charity is what we all need more or less. I ought to recollect, too, that your mind was much taken up with that oncommon woman."

The partisan's manly face was suffused for a moment, and he answered:

"It is possible that I have been selfish in my happiness; and upon reflection I am inclined to think it is so."

"No apologies, cap'n; in sich a case it isn't in human natur to be otherwise. She's the puttiest woman alive, and interestin' to match. As old as I am—and I'm a little up'ards of forty—I'm almost fool enough to love her myself."

"What pleasure it gives me to hear you speak so kindly of her!" said Brion, warmly.

"Who could speak otherwise? There's nobody with a heart that knows her that can say anythin' that isn't to her praise. You'll be a happy man with her; if not, 'twill be your own fault."

"You forget that she may be lost to me forever!"

"That's a supposable case, but I can't make up my mind to it, yet. She'll turn up somewhere, dead or alive, when you aint expectin' her. I shall travel a great many miles afore I give her up, nor despair in one day or two, or in a week or a month. Flash can carry me like a bird, and wont mind a thousand miles of travel sca'cely at all, 'specially when he knows who he's arter; in fact, the quadrupid needs exercise rather, to lubricate his j'ints, like."

"Buckeye!" exclaimed the partisan, "your friendship gives me courage, and makes me think better of my fellow-men."

"Beard of Smith! it's like your charitable natur to say that. But that's not to the pint, exactly. I wonder where Callard and his band may be about this time?"

"On the march, and far ahead of us, doubtless. Ah! if it was not for this unfortunate affair, we might hope to overtake them. Clearly, they will reach the trapping-grounds first."

"It can't be helped; you've labored under peculiar difficilities, and 'tisn't in the power of man to control carcumstances so they'll work jest to one's mind. The best of us are short-sighted mortals, and can't see much beyond our noses. Providence deals with us percisely as it's a mind to, knowin' the end from the beginnin'. Worryin' never did nobody no good, and never will as long as the airth carcumnavergates the air. We must submit to what comes with becomin' submission, knowin' it's from above, or somewheres in that d'rection."

"I have endeavored to do my best, for my employers."

"I'll make oath to it in a court of justice, with my hand on the Bible! It's true that you stopped a few days, but humanity required that you should. Redpath, himself, couldn't be so much of a savage as to go on and leave an honest fellow man in sickness and distress, no matter what his complexion might happen to be. No, no! such barbarity couldn't be found. The wounded and sick must be taken care of, fur or no fur; whether companies git rich or not. Them's my notions, and I'm forty and up'ards."

"My own, too."

"It's equally your duty to look after this Mignon, let what will come of it."

"That is my fixed determination; but tell me, my friend, where shall we look?"

"In sev'ral d'rections; Headley must be found, if it takes a month; and perhaps you'll have to push on after Callard—there's no knowin'. And as for Pierre Mariot, he deserves lynchin'!"

"He's a villain!"

"As wicked a scamp as ever walked the prairies, Headley excepted."

"I have had a thought which perhaps I ought not to speak, but which, nevertheless, has given me some uneasiness."

"Speak it, cap'n, 'less it's somethin' compromisin' the integrity of that oncommon female; in which case you'd better be silent."

"I recollect that Headley tried to make himself very agreeable to Miss Bellmar."

"Beard of Smith! I'm 'shamed of you, cap'n. I can see what you're drivin' at, and advise you to drop the subjeck where 'tis. I've never seen the gal that knew her own mind better, though I'm forty and up'ards."

"I thank you, Buckeye; I certainly do wrong to doubt her."

"Depend on't, wherever she's gone, it's agin her will. She isn't one of the flighty kind, taken with every decentish face, and deceived by every artful tongue."

"That is but justice to her good sense. I shall ask her pardon for entertaining a thought even, not to her credit."

"I'll see that you don't forget it, cap'n. She's equal to any of the saints in the calendar, and you deserve to do penance, as 'twere."

The parties were now about a mile from the canon. The partisan threw his bridle rein to Buckeye, and dismounted to examine the ground which he did with much carefulness. It was about two hundred rods to the base of the nearest mountain, toward which he proceeded, hidden from Buckeye most of the time by trees and bushes. He reached the base of the mountain, and had commenced the ascent when the report of a gun and the whistling of a bullet very near him, gave him startling intimation of an enemy's proximity. He cocked his rifle, and casting his eyes up the jagged acclivity, saw an Indian standing upon a large rock, looking down to see, evidently, if his shot had been effective. The mountaineer was quick in his movements, and with that kind of weapon in his hand he was particularly expert. He needed but a single glimpse of his mark to give deadly certainty to his aim. With a celerity of motion attained only by practised riflemen, Brion levelled the unerring barrel and fired.

The red man turned to fly, but the leaden bolt was quicker than he; it struck him, he staggered and fell. The partisan stepped behind a tree, loaded his rifle, and after looking to see if other enemies were near, sprang up the mountain toward the spot where the savage had fallen. He found him upon his side, with the blood flowing from his breast. He opened his eyes as Brion approached, making an effort to raise himself. Brion stooped to assist him, but the savage waved him back with a haughty gesture.

"Why did you fire?" asked the partisan.

The Indian laughed scornfully.

"Why do you kill rattlesnakes?" he replied.

"Because their bite is deadly."

"So is the rifle of the white man!" retorted the savage.

"I never point this weapon," returned Brion, dropping his rifle from the hollow of his arm to the ground, "at a human creature, save in self-defence."

"And it is in self defence that the red man slays the white," replied the Indian, with flashing eyes.

"To my knowledge, I have never wronged you or your people."

"Paleface, you cannot live without wronging us. Every breath you draw is a wrong to the red man."

"Poor wretch! I am sorry that I slew thee," said Brion, regretfully.

The savage lifted himself to his elbow and laughed more scornfully than before, while every motion of his chest increased the hemorrhage that was draining away his life.

"It is thou who art the wretch," he hissed; "and it is I who am a man! Go and leave me, that I may sing my death song, and go to the Great Spirit. Begone, lest the sound of my *hiss-ss-ss* (passing thunder) terrify you."

"Who are you?" asked Brion, impressed by the dignity of the warrior.

"I am Tallbear, chief of a powerful tribe of the Crow nation. Look at me, and rejoice that you have killed a mighty chief."

"Perhaps your wound is not mortal, and you may yet recover."

"And if it be not mortal, for what do you carry a hatchet?"

"Not to despatch a wounded enemy. Red man, if I could give you life, I would do so willingly." The mountaineer laid his rifle upon the ground, and kneeling beside the chief, examined his wound. Tallbear would have resisted him, but being too weak, submitted with sullen curiosity. The ball had entered the breast and passed out through the spine; but whether it had penetrated the lungs, or glanced along the ribs, the mountaineer could not determine. Tearing off a piece of his silk handkerchief, he plugged the orifice in his breast to check the profuse bleeding; a process which the chief regarded with an immovable countenance.

"White man, why do you try to save the life of an enemy?"

"Because I care not to take what I cannot restore. What will your death profit me?" At that crisis, Buckeye, who had heard the report of Brion's rifle, appeared. Tallbear glared at him defiantly as he drew near.

"And so, cap'n, you've got one of them heathen creturs! He look as savage as a nat'ral wild beast. Ingin individoval, you've got it, I reckon. By the beard of Smith!"

"I've got a squaw at home that looks like you," said the chief, contemptuously.

"That isn't sayin' much for her nat'ral beauty, redskin. My features aint over and above captivatin'; my nose is built arter a rather loose model, my mouth's too extensive to be elegant, and I'm forty and up'ards."

"Go, old woman; you distract the thoughts of a dying warrior," said Tallbear.

"I know your natur, redskin, and sha'n't take it in bad blood if you act it out. You'll soon close up your airthly consarns, and strike off on another trail, leadin' the Lord only knows where. If you've got a large lot of heroic exploits to brag on, or any singin' to do, you'd better be about it."

"Pale hunter, I know where I am going; many great warriors of my race have trodden the trail; they have struck it through burning fire, and the torture of three days. My soul is strong, I fear not to go where others have gone. It is you white men that die like children, and depart snivelling like squaws, instead of singing your death song as men who have been in battle and taken scalps."

"So far as I'm concerned, I intend to live as long as I can; and if I fall in a skrimmage, decently on't I'll die game, though I mayn't boast of my deeds. As for your partic'lar ways, I care but little about 'em, knowin' every cretur 'll foller his instincts. I make it a pint never to meddle with redskins without provocation, but when I'm driven to it, I go at 'em in airnest."

"Do you remember a pale maiden who was recently a captive among you?" asked the partisan.

A sudden change passed over Tallbear's swarthy face, he looked penetratingly at the questioner.

"The daughter of the paleface was like the smile of the Great Spirit," he replied.

"Beavers and otters!" exclaimed Buckeye. "That's true."

The Indian scowled at the trapper and emitted a guttural sound indicative of contempt.

"You were about to sacrifice her to a barbarous custom," added Brion.

"She was doomed to die for the benefit of the corn, which was languishing in our fields. We would have dismissed her soul easily, and sent her horses after her, that she might ride over the verdant prairies in the land of souls."

"How did she escape that awful fate?"

"It was the will of the Great Spirit. What was the pale dove to you?"

"Ingin individoval, you've asked a home question," quoth Buckeye. "She's to him all that's oncommon and hard to be found. She's like the sun to the airth, or the moon or stars to the night. The heart of the chief of the white trappers is big toward the daughter of the paleface."

"She has the face of the lily, the pleading eyes of the deer, and the soul of a warrior," resumed Tallbear, after a pause.

"She can't be praised too much. Her ways were proper winnin' like," affirmed Buckeye.

"We cannot tell the purposes of the Great Spirit," continued the chief, in an impressive voice. "He covers up his designs—he conferreth not with mortals—he walketh in silence

among the mountains. He decreed that what has happened should be. He knew that the red warrior and the pale dove could not mate."

"No, redskin, that couldn't be in the natur of things," said Buckeye.

The chieftain went on.

"The Master of Life would not give her tender flesh to the corn-spirit, because she was to light the lodge-fires of the chief of the white trappers. The good Monedo is mighty, and who can resist him? He purposed that Tallbear should have a sorrow that he could not reveal, and that his spirit should pass by the hand of a white man. Be it so; the soul of Talbear will go without complaint. He will steel his heart to agony, and speak his terrible *hain-wa-wa*. His passing thunder shall shake the hills."

The partisan stood silent and attentive, much moved by the language of the savage.

"Chief of the trappers," added Tallbear, with emphasis, "be kind to the pale dove." Brion spoke not, he gazed with pitying eyes at the Indian.

"I have no more to say to mortal man," he resumed, in a deep and solemn voice. "Go hence! My speech must now be with the Master of Life. Away, away!"

"Farewell, noble spirit, farewell, nor curse the hand that has brought thee low! Farewell."

The partisan cast a last look at the chief—a look full of sadness. Tallbear smiled and waved his hand, and the mountaineer saw him no more, but he heard the loud, solemn echoes of his *hain-wa wa* as he walked slowly from the spot.

Impressed by the unusual scene they had witnessed, the trappers resumed their way in silence, neither being inclined to converse, but rather to reflect on the changes of life. Buckeye was the first to speak.

"It's natur, that does it, arter all," he said, turning thoughtfully to Brion. "The carcumstances and the sile, the air over one's head and the airth under him, decide what they shall be."

"Country and education have much to do with the tastes and predilections of nations and peoples," returned the other. "But the more I see of men, the more I am disposed to the opinion that there are none, however degraded, but have some noble traits of character. Even yon der savage has qualities to challenge admiration."

"He has a sartin kind of magnanimity; for instance, he's bold to look death in the face; but it's because he's been taught not to fear it from a child. The place of one's birth makes all the difference in the world; if you and I had been born als side of Fort Laramie, we should have been as good savages as ever howled a death-song. But which way shall we lay our course now?"

"We must search for the villain, Headley; and I shall give myself no rest until I have found his lurking-place; I will cross prairies, I will climb mountains, I will cross valleys and rivers, and dare every peril of a savage country in this pursuit. My friend, I have an extraordinary incentive to exertion; you see that Mignon charms all; her beauty touches the heart of the red man, even; while her goodness, kindness and gentleness win the friendship of the rough mountaineer. Yesterday I was happy, for Mignon was near me, but to-day I am miserable, for I no longer see her face, nor hear her voice. These flying minutes stretch themselves into hours, and my impatience increases as the sun rises higher in the heavens. Tell me which way I shall go, that I may strike my spurs into my horse's flanks and outstrip the wind; tell me where there is danger that I may meet it—where is the destroyer of my peace, that I may visit him with punishment"

"Calm yourself, cap'n, time will straighten out these diffikilties. I never yet knew a case so bad but there was a chance of it's mendin'. My motto has always been in the most perplexin' positions, 'keep a stiff upper lip;' which is a quotation from one of the leadin' poets, I don't now disremember which. And, by the way, that reminds me that I used to be 'mazin' fond of the poets when I's a boy; in fact, I used to do a little in that way myself; but I don't happen to have any of them perductions about my clothes at this time; but some of 'em were quite enterprisin', as I may say, and not to be beat in that pertic'lar line. It's been a long time since I've practised literatoor, and I should make a sorry figure at it now, I'm afeared."

The parties rode to the Red Buttes. They found only the remains of an old camp, however, without discovering any particular clue to indicate the direction the gold seekers might have taken. They examined the banks of the Nebraska River for the distance of several miles. Just as the sun was setting, Brion struck a fresh trail leading down to the water; and believing that a party must have passed over, swam his horse to the opposite side, followed by Buckeye.

"It's hard tellin' what this may turn out to be," said the latter, after a careful scrutiny of the scarcely perceptible marks left upon the sand. "Whether white men or redskins have been along here, I can't determine; but it's somethin' or other in the shape of human natur."

The mountaineers pushed on until it was too dark to follow the trail with certainty. The trapper suggested that they should stop until the moon was up, and refresh not only themselves but their horses. Though feverishly impatient, Brion appreciated the wisdom of the suggestion. The weary beasts were side-lined, and Buckeye kindled a small fire to cook some buffalo steaks, a species of cookery upon which he prided himself.

This needful process having been completed to the trapper's satisfaction, the mountaineers stretched themselves upon mother earth, to solicit that rest which the fatigues of the day rendered necessary. The partisan, however, felt as he believed, no weariness, and so far as sleeping was concerned, it was in his case quite out of the question. If he closed his eyes he still saw Mignon; if he endeavored to tranquillize his mind, he yet thought of the maiden with an intensity banishing the presence of slumber. Finding the attempt attended with more pain than pleasure, and far more irksome than action, he softly arose the moment he had evidence that Buckeye was on better terms with Morpheus, and too powerfully somnolent to be cognizant of his actions.

"He sleeps like an honest man," said the partisan to himself, casting a friendly look at the unconscious trapper, then throwing his rifle across his arm, he glided from the spot. He passed the horses; they greeted him with a low neigh of recognition, and Flash, who always aspired to human friendship, came up and placed his head upon Brion's shoulder.

"You are faithful like your master," said the mountaineer. Patting the animal's neck gently to repay his intelligence and affection, he went on. He judged by the lay of the land what the general direction of the trail might be, and regulated his movements in accordance with that supposition. He ascended a long, low ridge and traversed its entire length; it ended in a soft bottom where there was a bend in the river. He climbed a wooded hill at the left, and passing over its summit, found a spring on the opposite side. There was a small path leading to the spring where the deer and the buffalo had often come to slake their thirst. This path, which was hard and narrow, the partisan examined, but without detecting any signs that human feet had ever trodden it. Lying upon his face, he drank a deep draught of the cool and bubbling water.

"It is possible," quoth Brion, arising, "that no lips but mine have ever kissed the refreshing waters of this fountain. Perhaps the foot of man has never pressed this well-worn path."

At the base of the hill there was a chapparal so dense as to be impassable, obliging the mountaineer to make a detour to the south. After half an hour's walk, he came suddenly to a small natural amphitheatre or dell surrounded by red cedar and pinon. In the centre of the dingle he saw the remains of a recent fire—half-consumed brands which he imagined were yet smoking, and which he, not without some misgivings, approached. He stooped and put his hand upon one of them—it was yet warm. It was therefore evident that those who had encamped there, had not been long gone.

While Brion stood reflecting whether to continue his solitary reconnoisance or return to Buckeye, he was startled by a low and triumphant laugh near him. Raising his eyes and partially turning round, Brion beheld a spectacle which sent the blood thrilling through his veins with unwonted rapidity; he was surrounded by stalwort warriors whose dusky features looked grim and terrible in the darkness. In advance of the rest, and scarcely three yards from the mountaineer, stood one whose dress and bearing indicated him to be a chief.

"And so the cunning Fox has come to the hunter?" said he, repeating the laugh that had so electrified the partisan. "Has the Fox become a fool that he thrusts his paw into the trap?"

"You have outwitted me," returned Brion, coldly.

"The Fox is taken; he has forgotten all his old tricks, or Prairiewolf is wiser than he."

"The most cunning are not always upon their guard, and an old squaw may sometimes surprise the panther sleeping upon a tree," retorted Brion.

"I trapped you once before, but the heart of Ravenclaw was soft. The eyes of Lilyface turned his blood to water. Wily trapper, you will not live to see the next new moon. Last year, Prairiewolf scented you upon Snake River, when you were catching the beaver, but he could not catch you; now he has got his hand on you, and you cannot escape. What have you to say?"

"That I will give you much for liberty," responded Brion.

"Do you give liberty to the otter when you have taken it? Do you spare the buffalo when you are hungering for his flesh? Do you say to the panther, go in peace, when you have levelled your rifle at her heart? Fox, you have lost your cunning!"

"I have guns and ammunition, hatchets and hunting-knives, beads, bells and mirrors, and strong horses," replied the trapper.

"It is not so; you have nothing; not even life. Listen, we have a vow to kill the first living thing that came among us. White man, such vows are never broken."

"I have heard of such a custom prevailing among your people; but it is a cruel and useless one. If I must be sacrificed, it will make but little difference whether I die to-night or three days hence; therefore give me three days liberty, and at the expiration of that time I will return to you, when you can fulfil your vow."

"Wa-wa! I was right when I said the Fox was growing foolish; he is getting into his dotage."

"I swear by the Great Spirit, that I will return and surrender myself a prisoner, to suffer the death you have determined upon!" added Brion, with emphasis.

"Palefuce, that cannot be! Even if you came back, Ravenclaw might again give you life; but I will not trust you; your heart is not big enough to keep your word. If you come, it would be with your hunters at your heels, with their rifles cocked and at their faces. Prairiewolf is not a child that he should be deceived by words which are as smoke curling from the top of a wigwam, to pass away into the air and be remembered no more."

"I mistook you for a great warrior; I imagined you could discern the truth from falsehood; that you were noble as well as brave. Your resemblance to great warriors that I have seen, threw dust in my eyes, but it is out now, and I can see clearly."

"Your tongue deserves to be cut out for its presumption! May my name be held in contempt when I trust the son of the Yan kee."

"The home of the Yan-kee is far to the east; I was born farther to the west."

"It is the same; there is no difference, one palefuce is like another. Call up your courage and be a man. You will need a heart like steel, and flesh insensible as wood. Twelve fires will be lighted, and you will die at the last upon the third day, when the sun is rising."

The partisan felt a cold, sickly sensation creeping over him, his blood seemed to flow back upon his heart with horror; he experienced an instinctive shrinking that reached to his very marrow. Prairiewolf eyed him with a mocking smile upon his lips.

"We shall see whether the spirit of the palefuce is like the spirit of a Blackfoot brave; we shall see whether he will depart himself like one who has learned how to conquer pain, and rise above the fear of death."

"Prairiewolf, when the Master of Life calls for us, we must go; but the white man has different notions from the savage. His flesh is more sensitive to the fire than the red man's, because he has never been taught to despise its tortures. If nothing but my death will suffice, strike your knife into my breast and let me pass at once to the hunting grounds."

"A squaw might die in that way; a great chief like you deserves a more honorable death."

"Hear me once more; you look like a brave man; if you are so, take your hatchet and your hunting knife, and let us see who is the greatest warrior. If I slay you, then will I have my liberty; but on the contrary, if I fall, that will prove your superiority, and the matter will be settled."

"Ah, the Fox has yet a little cunning! but it will not save him. You are a prisoner, and Prairiewolf is sure of his vengeance; he would be silly to incur a risk which the usages of his people do not render needful. Son of the Yankee, be a man! Stretch yourself upon your mother earth which will soon receive your ashes; and while we prepare to light the twelve fires to give you a death worthy of a mighty warrior, compose the words of your death-song, and commend yourself to the Master of Life."

A brave approached to bind Brion's hands. Resolved to secure a sudden death or escape, with his hatchet he struck the savage down at Prairiewolf's feet, and bounded from the dell with the speed of a deer. But there were those after him swift of foot and tireless in pursuit; and having scarcely three yards the start of his pursuers, the mountaineer could hardly hope for success. He was overtaken, carried back, and bound in a manner to preclude the possibility of a second attempt.

"You are not quick enough!" said Prairiewolf, tauntingly. "A boy could run faster."

"But a boy could not do that!" retorted Brion, pointing to the body of the brave whom he had stricken.

"We shall see," resumed Prairiewolf, fiercely, "how you will bear up under the ordeal of the twelve fires!"

"The will of God be done!" replied Brion, commending himself to that Being who is apt to be forgotten in prosperity, and remembered only in adversity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRETTING.

"Fret not thyself," says the Psalmist. Mankind have a great proneness to fret themselves. Their business does not prosper according to their expectations; customers do not pay promptly; competition is sharp; those in whom they have confided prove treacherous; malice and envy hurl their envenomed shafts; domestic affairs go contrary wise; the wicked seem to prosper, while the righteous are abased. In every lot there is ample material to make a goad of, which may pierce and rankle in our souls, if we are only so disposed.

Fretting is of the nature of certain diseases, assuming various types. Disease is sometimes acute—coming on suddenly in the midst of health, and with but little premonition, raging violently through the system, causing fever and racking pains; soon reaching its crisis, and rapidly running its course, either to kill or to be cured. So with fretting. At times it overtakes the constitutionally and habitually patient and gentle. Strong provocation assails them unawares, throws them off their guard, upsets their equanimity, and causes an overflow of spleen that they did not know was in them to that degree.

Diseases, however, often assume the chronic type, becoming embedded in the system, deranging its organs, interfering with the performance of the natural and healthful functions, and lingering year after year, like a vampire, to extract the vital juices. In like manner fretting becomes chronic. Peevishness, irritability, censoriousness, complaining, indulged in, assume a habit, gaining thereby strength and power, until the prevailing temper is fretfulness. It argues a sadly diseased condition of the soul, when this distemper becomes one of its fixtures. To such a one everything goes wrong. The whole mechanism of society is thrown out of gear; instead of moving smoothly, as when lubricated by the oil of kindness and charity, its cogs clash, and its pivots all grate harshly.—*Boston Journal.*

GETTING WHITEWASHED.

A gentleman, lately, being somewhat unwell, was obliged to remain in bed a day or so, during which time the operation of turning the house inside out and upside down was going on, and colored men were engaged in whitewashing and scrubbing. Desirous of being shaved, and not wishing to venture out of doors, he sent for a barber. It was a colored individual who was thus honored with a call, and he having arrived, the sick man got up out of bed and sat upon a chair, while the barber, with soap box in hand, commenced the pleasing task. A little daughter of the gentleman, between three and four years old, happened to be in the room at the time, and the sick man observed how she gazed in wonder at the barber lathering his face. She instantly ran out of the room, but soon returned and took another look at the operation, as if to satisfy herself that she might believe her eyesight; when she quickly made her way down stairs to her mother and commenced crying.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked her mother, who was busily engaged in superintending the house cleaners.

"O," she exclaimed, "do come up stairs, mother, quick, and help father, for there is a big nigger going to whitewash him."—*N. Y. Sun.*

LIBERALITY.

We heard an anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Burchard, the revivalist, quite characteristic of some minds. Mr. B. had preached in a certain town with great power, and among others converted were two daughters of a rich, close fisted farmer, and, the story says, a member of the church. When Mr. B. was about to leave, a contribution was proposed to defray his expenses, and, among the rest, this farmer steps up and thanks Mr. B. for his efforts, and saying that he felt it a duty and privilege under the circumstances to contribute something, gave twenty-five cents. "Two shillings!" said the divine, "for the salvation of your two daughters! very well, it is dear at that, if their souls are as small as yours."—*Ohio Journal.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES TO ——.

BY S. A. DARROCH.

Let me shut out the present, its hopes and its fears,
And gaze more live ever those dear cachbed years;
When I lived but to bask in the rays of thy smile,
And my heart knew no sorrow thou couldst not beguile.
In fancy I see thee, and hear the low tone
That fondly assured me thy heart was my own;
And again my glance drops 'neath the light of thine eye,
That I ne'er could encounter—I cannot tell why.

Again are those dark waving locks in my sight,
And that eye strangely blending both darkness and light,
And the lip that was ever turned smiling on me,
Are treasures all locked in my heart's memory.
Away with realities—let me but dream,
For I know that I never can be what I seem;
I live but in dreaming over happiness fled,
And my heart, like the joys I remember, is dead.

It is dead to the present, though wealth may be mine,
And dead to the future, though brightly it shine;
Over all save the love that illumined the past.
Is a dull, changeless feeling of apathy cast.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WILL'S WIFE.

BY EMMA FRANCIS.

Brother Will married a city lady—some one we had never previously known, but of whom we had heard a great deal, both through Will's letters and common report, which told us the lady was a great belle, the gem of all circles, a trifle haughty, but amiable and lovable. Every one said she was very highly accomplished, and from all I heard, I felt much in awe of the proud lady, and wondered how my dear, light-hearted brother ever came to fancy such a bride as she. They had been married many months before Will announced to us his intention of bringing Louisa to his old home. They had been travelling, he said, both far and near; and having just returned from a European tour, they were coming to the old farm-house to rusticate and rest. Louisa, he added, sent us much love, and longed to get acquainted with her new relations.

This last sentence I read and re-read; I thought it sounded very kind and affectionate, and I liked to dwell upon it; but by degrees I came to think brother might have put it in without his wife's knowledge. I had heard of such things, and on the whole, I felt more than ever in awe of both of them. People, I thought, who had been over the blue sea, and visited those lords it made my headache so to read about, must be very much wiser than most people; and my poor heart sank heavily as I thought of the dreaded meeting.

However, as Will had written when we might expect him, everything was set in order for our guests. The old housekeeper who had known him from a baby, flew round the house with unwonted agility, opening jars of sweetmeats—brushing cobwebs from bottles of ancient wine, and taking the snowiest cloths and napkins from the tall cupboard in the corner. As for me, I went about, half smiling, half tearful, arranging the curtains round the old-fashioned windows, putting fresh flowers in the vases on the hearth, dusting the high-backed chairs, and wondering all the while if my new sister's lip would curl in scorn at this, or if she would jeeringly laugh at that. And thus wondering and doubting, as the day wore on, I grew nervous and uneasy; and stood very often by the cushioned chair of my invalid mother, with her thin, pale hand on mine, and her soft voice re-assuring me.

About the usual time for tea, I stood in the doorway by the side of the prim housekeeper, attired in my blue lawn and white apron, to welcome the new-comers. I could not help trembling, and the faster the time for their arrival drew nigh, the faster my heart beat and the more I fancied a tall, cold, haughty beauty coming to disturb our peacefulness; and I told the housekeeper in confidence, that I would just as much like to see an ogress as this fashionable belle of a sister.

In a little while, I heard the rattle of carriage wheels coming up the stony lane, and as I caught sight of a dark brown travelling dress, and the rim of a white chip bonnet, I could no longer control myself; but dropped the housekeeper's hand, and darted away, and hid myself behind a tall woodbine trellis near the doorway.

The next moment, brother Will sprang upon the piazza, as handsome and good-natured looking as ever, and with a word of fond endearment on his lips, lifted from the carriage one of the loveliest creatures my eyes had ever beheld. True, she was somewhat above the medium height; but with a form most delicately and elegantly proportioned, and though her high, pale brow wore a look of intellect and gentle dignity, there was a sweetness of expression in her brown eyes, and about the small mouth, which I had never seen equalled. With a sweetness and grace which astonished me, she greeted dame Browndy cordially and kindly, and then lifting her dark eyes to my brother's face I saw her smile, and my heart thrilled as she pronounced my name. There was a dinness came over my eyes, so that I could not see very well, and my little heart beat so fast it was near choking me; but I always shall believe that the housekeeper winked to them where I was, for the next instant, crash went the bushes in front of me, and up I went, blue lawn, white apron and all into brother Will's strong arms; hugged to his heart, blessed by his lips, caressed, coaxed, petted, scolded by that laughing voice all in a minute.

He put me down, and I lifted my eyes to that dreaded brown dress and white chip hat. All the impressions her previous sweetness and beauty had made upon me were at once forgotten; and I stroked my curls behind my ears nervously, first with one hand then with the other, swallowing very rapidly all the time to keep my heart from jumping into my mouth.

A pair of beautiful white hands clasped my face, and a sudden kiss upon my upturned brow in a measure re-assured me; and bursting into a flood of half-frightened tears, I took my new sister's hand, and led the way to my mother's room.

I stood a little apart and witnessed their meeting, and dried my eyes meanwhile; and in a little while, "Leo," as Will called her, sought her room to lay aside her heavy travelling robes. When she again made her appearance, she was more than radiantly beautiful. Her soft, rich hair hung in natural and abundant curls down her neck, the snowy whiteness of which was well set off by the deep toned tissue that she wore. Her white arms encircled by bracelets which had been my brother's gift, and a jewelled set in her ears and bosom, completed her attire. It did not strike me then that her dress and the old farmhouse did not look in perfect keeping, and when, as if anxious to conciliate me, she asked if I wouldn't show her the flowers, and all the pleasant places about the farm before tea, I yielded my consent, wanting to love her but hardly daring.

Our house was built on a side hill, so there was a slope both back and front. From the upper piazza, which was long and broad, and which terminated in the roomy kitchen, one could step upon a broad, green sward, sloping up to a high fence which separated the orchard from it. Here, tied to a tall plum tree, was a sturdy young calf; the especial pet of Dame Brownly, and the object of a great deal of my care and attention. He had been placed here to crop the tender grass and enjoy himself as best he might; and the housekeeper declared, that for her part she considered him a great deal handsomer than any deer that ever *graced a court*—I suppose she meant, poor thing, than any that ever *grazed a park*—still I may be wrong, for whenever I suggested some slight difference of arrangement in the good woman's sentences, she folded her arms before her, and eyeing me with ineffable scorn, declared I was "the worst grammaratic that ever contorted a phase."

Well, as I considered this calf the chief attraction about the place, I took sister Loo the first thing to see him. At first she was a little timid (though I saw she tried to conceal it), and said something about his looking mischievous, etc., but I assured her he was perfectly docile, and put my hand in his mouth to show her he wouldn't bite, and stroked his forehead to prove he wouldn't strike, and began to feel quite at my ease in my new sister's presence. Dame Brownly seeing us through the kitchen window, came to the door, exclaiming:

"La! I actilly forgot my poor calf to day. He's eat the grass around that tree as clean as tinder, and ought to be moved."

"We can move him," said I eagerly, to sister Loo. "All we have to do is to untie his rope, and make him fast to another tree."

"Are you sure he's quite gentle?" she asked, timidly.

"O, yes," I answered, "I'm around him so every day."

Evidently anxious to make the best friends with me, and re-assured by Dame Brownly, who still stood in the door, Loo helped me untie the heavy rope with her slender jewelled fingers, and I gave the calf a pat for him to move off—but he wouldn't stir, and I told Loo to hold the rope one minute, while I got a little stick; I saw that she watched me quite nervously, and not being able to find a stick, I made a glove of one corner of my apron, and plucked a large thistle which was flourishing in a nook behind the cistern. Thus armed, I advanced, and gave bossy a friendly stroke on the haunches; which he no sooner received, than with a wofully prolonged *blaat*, he started off up the hill, with poor Loo clinging to the rope and flying after him in spite of herself.

Shade of Bolus! Did ever I witness a more ludicrous sight? Up to the very summit of the hill, only half pausing now and then to give a vigorous kick at the empty air, pulling with all his strength, and ever and anon giving forth his dolorous blaat; bossy led, while *Will's wife*, the belle, the beauty and heiress, whose feet had scarcely ever trod on aught save carpeted halls, or ball-room floors, with the strong rope wound round and round her tiny hands, was drawn after him, too affrighted to scream, and withheld from loosing her hold, by the cries of Dame Brownly in the doorway, who shouted to her to hold him tight, not to let the poor thing go, he would surely run down the cistern if she did, etc, etc. The top of the hill gained, there was nothing for it but to run down again, and the calf again took the lead, while Loo, with her airy robes, and jewelled arms, and floating hair, in strong contrast with the surly son of a Durham, sped after him, taking steps which the seven league boots of the ogre in fairy tales would scarcely have warranted, but which it was impossible for her to prevent, as the down hill path and the mad career of the animal almost drew her through the air without a chance of planting her feet on terra firma. Down, down they went, while I stood aghast at this unexpected exhibition, but utterly unable to control my risibility. When they had nearly reached the foot of the hill, the calf suddenly spied Dame Brownly still standing in the door, and no doubt recognizing the hand which had so often fed him, he darted swiftly towards her. Loo gave a despairing pull at the rope, which only maddened him the more, and before the poor housekeeper could get out of the way, he plunged past her with a last terrible blaat, completely upsetting the old lady, and a pail of water at the same time; and Loo, poor dear Loo, fell her whole length into the kitchen, just in time to receive part of the shower-bath which was mercilessly hailing Dame Brownly.

My first impulse, now that the race was ended, was to run to my new sister's aid; but brother Will was there before me, and laughing uproariously, he lifted Leo to her feet. I saw her first feeling, as she glanced at her disordered dress and laid a hand on her rumpled hair, was to cry from vexation and mortification; but the next moment as it flashed in all its ludicrous light across her mind, she burst into as merry a fit of laughter as ever rang from mortal lips, and breaking from Will's arms, left him to secure the now quiet beast, while she sped away to re-arrange her dress.

From that hour, Loo and I were sworn friends; but never since have I been able to induce her to go within passing distance of a calf, and I believe she has an aversion to veal to this day.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO DORA DEAN.

BY JOHN HAINES, JR.

Lady, it fills my heart with joy
To find that cot of mine,
The one I love so fond and well,
That thou wouldst have for thine.
That thou wouldst leave thy city home,
Where all is light and free,
Far in the distant west to roam,
To share my cot with me.

Lady, you speak of fond day-dreams,
When fancy revelled bright;
Of vine-clad cots, and fairy scenes,
Mellowed by soft twilight.
Of clustering vines and perfumed flowers,
Of birdling's song so low;
The whispers of the evening breeze,
Tuned to the brooklet's flow.

Lady, perchance you dreamed of love,
Of hearts both fond and true;
Of pure affections s'en as deep,
As poet's fancy knew.
Has not Hope told a flattering tale,
And airy castles bright,
Been built by fancy's magic wand,
Basking in love's sunlight.

Lady, I hope that you may dream
That love as pure as mine,
When mixed with such a vine-clad cot,
Would mingle well with thine.
If so, we'll have a merry time
Of pleasure, mirth and joy;
You, Dora Dean, an Eastern lass,
And I a "Sucker boy."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AUNT POLLY'S SPECTACLES.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

THERE was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of these "helps to read." The bows were of no costly metal, neither gold nor silver (the wealth of California had not been discovered in Aunt Polly's day), but simply a broad setting of tortoise shell.

Aunt Polly in her waking hours was seldom seen without them. From long habit they had become a necessary appendage. Very frequently she wore them pushed up from her forehead, forming with their dark border a pleasing contrast to her snow white cap; but the moment the good lady's attention was called to any subject, even though it did not require eyesight, she would invariably reply:

"Wait a moment, dear, just let me settle my glasses."

This done, Aunt Polly was ready to sympathize with every one, from the oldest to the youngest inhabitant of the little village which she called her home.

And there was something very pleasant in Aunt Polly's sympathy. It did not consist in those mere matter of course words which are in common. It seemed to gush up from her very heart as water springs from the never failing fountain.

And then those spectacles, unassuming glasses as they appeared to be, possessed some wonderful properties. Trials which seemed of mountain weight, dwindled to mole hills, when viewed with Aunt Polly's eyes, and as it was well known that she never used her eyes without her glasses, no one could dispute their magic power.

Let us waive all ceremony and pass a day with Aunt Polly, that we may gain more insight into her character, and if possible even get a peep through her spectacles.

Aunt Polly lived alone in her neat little cottage. This may seem inconsistent in one so warm-hearted and kindly disposed toward her fellow-beings, but we will not attempt to account for one of the many unaccountable perversities of human nature, but merely suggest that Aunt Polly's lonely condition was a providential circumstance, for she certainly could never have become so universal a blessing, had the duties of domestic life confined her within one little circle.

It was a chilly morning in the month of October when Aunt Polly, while preparing as usual to kindle a fire in her well-worn cooking stove, discovered to her dismay that it was in such urgent need of repair as to be nearly useless.

We said "to her dismay," but this was only a momentary feeling. The good lady settled her spectacles and all was right in a moment.

"It could not have happened in a better time," she said cheerfully. "I have been thinking of taking a day out for some time. Neighbor Jay is the man to fix my stove. I will step right over there and take a cup of coffee with them, and explain the matter to him at the breakfast table."

Five minutes sufficed to make what changes Aunt Polly considered necessary in her toilet, and five more brought her to neighbor Jay's door. The worthy blacksmith was an old resident in the village, and much respected both as an able workman and a man of irreproachable character.

His wife was a sensible, kind-hearted woman, and two pretty daughters now rapidly advancing to womanhood gladdened their dwelling. But the pride of their advanced years was their eldest born, a fine lad of eighteen, frank and generous in his nature, but somewhat wild and unsettled in his habits, and not as yet much disposed to turn his attention to the realities of life, and follow the example of his good father by becoming a "steady, hard-working man."

"Time enough yet," said the fond mother. "Billy will make a smart man. We must not pull the reins too tight just slightly. Let him have a little pleasure while he is young."

And "time enough yet," echoed the indulgent father. "Give the boy a chance. Let him see a little of the world before he settles down."

It was a question as to how much of the world Billy could see in the little village which was his native home, yet he had seldom been beyond it. Once or twice during the past year he had spent a week in a seaport town about twenty miles distant. Golden opportunities these for learning something of the busy world, and Billy by no means neglected them.

Once he had ventured to hint to his father that a sea voyage would "make a man," of him, but the old blacksmith, indulgent as he was, could be very decided when it was necessary, and Billy knew at once by the firm manner in which his father planted his foot upon the ground, and the redoubled force with which he struck the anvil, that it was a hopeless case.

But the desire grew stronger and stronger, and another visit to the sea-port afforded a favorable opportunity to carry his wishes into execution. On the evening preceding Aunt Polly's early call, the afflicted parents received a letter from their boy, informing them that he should sail that day on a three years' voyage, in one of the best whaling ships which sailed upon the seas. The stern grief of the father, the more tender feelings of the poor mother, and the tears of the sisters, all called forth the warmest sympathy on the part of Aunt Polly.

At first the old lady was somewhat at a loss how to express her feelings.

"Do not take it so much to heart, my good neighbors. Fanny dear, dry your tears. Don't weep, Ellen, my sweet child, all will end well."

But here Aunt Polly's own eyes began to overflow, and in putting up her handkerchief to wipe them she at once discovered the cause of her difficulty. The spectacles were upon her forehead. She settled them at once.

"After all, neighbor Jay," she continued, "we can see the hand of Providence in this. Billy is a fine lad, but a little unsettled, you know. This voyage will be just the thing for him. And how fortunate that he has gone in that ship. Such an excellent captain! Do you remember Widow Brown's son, neighbor?"

"He did well, it must be confessed," replied the blacksmith, brightening up a little. "Did he go in that ship?"

"The very same," returned Aunt Polly. "His mother almost broke her heart when he went away, but she told me the other day that it was the greatest blessing that she ever experienced. He came home so industrious and steady, and settled down just as she wished to have him."

"But the danger, Aunt Polly, and the hardships; just think of that," said the still weeping mother.

"True, neighbor, there is danger, but our lives are in the hands of our Maker. And after all there are but few lost considering how many are engaged in that business. Do not think of that, but look forward to the happy day when you will welcome your dear boy again, and find him so much improved that you will rejoice in your present trial. In a good ship, with a pious, conscientious captain to look after him, he is safe from many dangers which would assail him even in this quiet village. Youth is a season for temptation."

"Very true, wife," exclaimed the father, rising from the chair in which he had despondently seated himself. "There are worse dangers than those of the sea. Aunt Polly has placed the matter before me in a new light, and I am disposed to be content and believe that all things are for the best. Come, girls, dry your eyes and give us some breakfast, and then we will go to our usual duties."

The reviving cheerfulness of the husband had its full effect in restoring the mother's composure. Fanny and Ellen sprang actively up, and with the tears still upon their cheeks, busied themselves in preparing the morning meal, but before it was upon the table, smiles had mingled with their tears, and with the buoyancy of youth they were already looking forward to the happy return of which Aunt Polly had spoken.

The broken stove now became the subject of conversation, and the blacksmith promised to attend to it at once, and pleasantly remarked that he would ask for no pay excepting a peep through Aunt Polly's spectacles occasionally, when things went wrong. The good lady smiled at this, as she had often done before, said "they were certainly good glasses, and had belonged to her maternal grandmother," and well pleased to see her friends more cheerful than when she entered, bade them a kind good morning and proceeded on her way.

"I will just look in upon neighbor Simpson," said Aunt Polly to herself. "She sees a good deal of trouble, poor soul, and a kind word will do her good."

A dilapidated fence, with a dilapidated gate, formed the entrance to a still more dilapidated door, which Aunt Polly with some difficulty contrived to open, and made her way into the room where Mrs. Simpson was generally found busy with her needle. But she was not in her accustomed place, and one of the half dozen little ones who were playing in the yard followed the visitor into the house, and told her in a childish way that:

"Mama was up stairs. Poor father had broken his leg, and mama had no time to sew."

Up stairs went Aunt Polly. There upon a miserable bed, surrounded by few of the comforts of life, lay the sufferer, and near him stood the careworn, anxious looking wife.

Her countenance brightened a little at seeing Aunt Polly, but the husband covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"I am grieved to hear of your accident, my friend," said the old lady, advancing to the bedside after a sympathetic pressure of the wife's hand.

"All my own fault as usual, Aunt Polly," replied the man, bitterly, "I only wish my head had been broken instead of my leg. Poor Mary would be better without me."

"I have never said that, or thought it either, William," returned the wife, reproachfully.

"But it is true, nevertheless, Mary. A man who will let strong drink make a fool of him as I too often do, is a curse and not a blessing to his family. I should have known better than to have gone up that crazy ladder had I been in my sober senses. It is the first accident that has befallen me since I first learned my trade."

"Well, well," said Aunt Polly, cheerfully, rubbing her glasses as she spoke. "We will not look back. The past is irrecoverable. Active exertions for the present moment, and good resolutions for the future, are all we have to do with. And first tell me about your leg. Has it been well attended to?"

"Yes, I had the best of care," was the reply. "I chanced to be at work for Dr. Tucker, shingling his barn, and a good job I should have made of it but for that extra glass." And again the poor man groaned in spirit.

"Looking back again. That will not do, neighbor. And so Dr. Tucker set your leg? That's well. He is a good surgeon. And now, Mary, if you will go and look after your children, and get a breath of fresh air, I will be nurse a little while, and make things as comfortable as I can."

"No one ever disputed Aunt Polly's ability to do whatever she undertook, but if any one had ever doubted her capacity as nurse, their doubts would certainly have been set at rest could they have seen the wonderful change which one half hour made in that sick chamber. It was really a neat, cheerful looking place now, and a ray of sunshine seemed to penetrate to the heart of the sufferer, for he said almost hopefully as he looked at his kind attendant:

"After all, Aunt Polly, this may not be so bad as it looks. An accident like this sets a man to thinking of his evil ways. Poor Mary, I have been little comfort to her or my children for the last few years. But brighter days may come."

"Indeed they may, my good neighbor. Our misfortunes often prove our greatest blessings. Good resolutions prayerfully made upon your sick bed, and firmly kept when the hour of temptation again arrives, would soon cause your wife and family to rejoice in what now seems a heavy trial."

How grateful were the few cheering words which Aunt Polly whispered to the anxious wife, as she returned to the room. Bright hopes for the future once more arose in her heart, and the present trial seemed as nothing. With all the tenderness of bygone years she bent over her husband, and with a promise to "look in" again the next day, Aunt Polly bade them a cheerful good morning.

Her next stopping place was at a house far superior in appearance to those by which it was surrounded. It was generally allowed to be the prettiest place in the country round, and Squire Thornhill was supposed to be worth a "power of money." His pretty young wife had once been the belle of the little village, and still retained her bloom and beauty, although matronly dignity was taking the place of youthful vivacity and grace.

She was the only child of a widowed mother who now resided with her, and Aunt Polly was ever a favorite visitor.

The good lady rubbed her spectacles and looked around with great satisfaction as she entered, for, as she often observed:

"It was a pleasure to go to the Squire's house, everything looked so bright and cheerful there, and it was so pleasant to think that Providence had provided such a beautiful home for the widow and the fatherless."

But on this bright October morning, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the Squire's house. No cheerful voice greeted Aunt Polly as she entered, and breakfast room and parlor looked chill and desolate as she glanced into them. A domestic at length came forward to meet her.

"Mrs. Thornhill is in her own room, ma'am. Shall I tell her you are here, or will you go up? Her mother is with her."

With a scarcely defined apprehension of evil, Aunt Polly replied that she would go up. Her light tap at the door was answered by Mrs. Harris, the mother. Her usually placid and benevolent countenance showed marks of some severe mental struggle, and as Aunt Polly advanced a few steps into the room she saw young Mrs. Thornhill sitting upon a low stool with her face buried in her hands, evidently weeping bitterly.

"My dear friends," exclaimed their astonished and sympathizing visitor, "what can be the matter?"

The cause for grief was soon explained. Mr. Thornhill had made some unfortunate speculations. His affairs had become embarrassed, and it was necessary that an immediate and entire change should be made in their style of living.

He had been absent for two or three weeks, and his wife had received a letter communicating this intelligence the evening before.

Sympathy with Aunt Polly always preceded any effort to give consolation.

The kindly pressure of her old friend's hand, and the warm kiss which she imprinted on Anna's cheek, seemed to give relief even before a word of comfort had been spoken.

"Is it not hard, Aunt Polly?" asked the young wife, as she raised her tearful eyes to the face of her friend. "This beautiful home can no longer be mine. In one short week we are to leave it."

"It is a great trial indeed, my dear child. But tell me all about it. Is the place sold, and where are you going?"

"Yes, it is already sold. A friend of Henry's who had heard of his misfortunes, made him so good an offer that he felt obliged to accept it at once without waiting to consult me. But it was just as well, as it had to be done."

"Better, Anna dear, much better," said Aunt Polly. "It is easier for you to bear it knowing that it is all settled. And how is your husband, and where are you going?"

"Henry is well, and not cast down. He says if I can only bear up under this trial, it will seem as nothing to him. He is ready to begin the world again."

"And I am sure you will write him a cheerful, encouraging letter, dear, it will be such a comfort to him. And after all, it is not as if you were old folks. Young people must have their ups and downs before they can reach the top of the ladder. Your good husband got his money from his father (a fine old gentleman he was), but no doubt he will be prospered in making some for himself."

"I hope so, Aunt Polly," and Anna Thornhill looked up cheerfully as she spoke, for something of Aunt Polly's hopeful spirit began to find its way to her own breast.

"And now, mother," she continued, "you shall not find me so weak and foolish any more. While I have you and my dear husband, and our darling baby, I need not regret the loss of wealth. But I shall grieve to see you deprived of any of your usual comforts."

"You need not grieve for me, dear child. Until within the few years of your married life we have never lived in luxury, and it will be no hardship to me to return to my former habits."

"And why not return to your old home also?" exclaimed Aunt Polly. "Tom Lansing to whom you sold it, is about leaving for California, with his wife and babies. He talked of shutting up the old place as he had no opportunity to sell it. No doubt some favorable arrangement could be made with him. I should be so delighted to have you for my nearest neighbor once more."

"O mother, would it not be delightful? That dear old place! It would almost reconcile me to leaving my beautiful new home, if we could go back there. I never wanted to have it sold, but Henry thought it best to invest your money in something else. And your property is all safe, mother; he said so in the letter, and now you can buy the place again and have some money left besides. I am so glad. And if Henry has to leave us for some months as he fears, it will be so pleasant to be in our old home. O Aunt Polly, you are the best comforter in the world;" and as Anna Thornhill spoke, she threw her arms around the old lady's neck, and clasped her in a warm embrace.

"There now, I have knocked off your glasses, a trick I have often played before in the days of my childhood," she laughingly exclaimed, catching the spectacles which were falling to the floor as she spoke.

"I will put them on for you, Aunt Polly. I hope you will bequeath them to me in your will. The wealth of the Indies would be nothing in comparison, for whoever gets a peep through these glasses learns to be contented with his present lot. They have the magic power of making everything look bright and cheerful, and turning even afflictions into blessings. Do lend them to me, Aunt Polly, while I write to my poor husband."

"I would willingly, my child, but your own sunny blue eyes are far better. Go and write your letter, and I will chat with your mother, and rock the cradle if baby stirs."

"And then you will take some dinner with us, and we will try not to send away the food untouched as we did this morning."

It was near the close of the afternoon when Aunt Polly again proceeded on her way. How happy she felt in the consciousness that those from whom she had parted had been strengthened and cheered by her influence. To be the medium of good to others is indeed an angel's mission.

"It is nearly time that I was at home," thought Aunt Polly as she glanced at the declining sun, "but I must look into neighbor Pratt's for a moment. Mrs. Thornhill mentioned that her sick child had failed fast within a day or two."

No one answered to Aunt Polly's low knock, and with noiseless step she passed on to the sick room.

For weeks and months the little one had lingered, until death, which had at first been hourly expected, again assumed its shadowy, undefined form. But in an hour when it was least looked for, it had once more drawn near. Blessed thought, that the undying soul yields not to its power! Willingly may we relinquish the frail earthly covering, rejoicing in the new life to which we have awakened.

And yet the spirit will often shrink from the approach of death. The mother bends in anguish over the loved one, and in the madness of her despair would withhold it from the angels who are waiting to conduct it to its heavenly home.

It was upon such a scene that Aunt Polly had entered. Clasped in the mother's arms, lay the almost lifeless little form, while the afflicted father, and the weeping brother and sister, stood near, unable to breathe one word of consolation, although the tearless eyes and marble countenance of the heart-stricken woman gave evidence how much it was needed.

But now a friendly arm is thrown around her, kind words of sympathy are breathed into her ear. The rigidity of her muscles relaxed, and the welcome tears gushed forth as she murmured:

"She is going, Aunt Polly; my darling little babe is going now."

Had the magic glasses lost their power? O no. They were indeed suffused with moisture, and carefully did Aunt Polly wipe and replace them before she could command her voice sufficiently to reply.

But in a moment all was bright—bright with more than earthly brightness—beaming with heavenly light.

"Yes, dear, she is going. Going to the angels. Going to Him who has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' We will not withhold her, for truly of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The words penetrated to the mother's soul. "We will not withhold her," she repeated with solemn earnestness, and even as she spoke the little spirit passed away. But the veil was lifted, and visions of heavenly happiness and joy mingled with the natural grief of the bereaved parents.

Very pleasant looked Aunt Polly's lonely cottage in the still loveliness of the moonlight evening, for it was not until a late hour that she lifted the latch of the little white gate.

We said *lonely*, but the term was misapplied. Where the heart is filled with kindness and sympathy with its fellow beings—where memories of happy hours, of years spent in ministering to the wants and woes of others, come unbidden to the mind, loneliness is a word unknown.

AN OLD ENGLISH BREAKFAST.—In the good old days of feudalism, when every villain in England was owned by some beef eater of a baron, the following is the quality of the breakfast which my "lord and lady" would tuck under their jackets:—"First, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manipets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six buconed herring, four white herring, or a dish of sprats." In those days, tea, coffee, dyspepsia and hot rolls were not considered fashionable.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ERMENGARDE.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE girl who sung at the gate of the chateau was tall and finely formed. A profusion of black hair, neatly dressed, somewhat lightened the effect of her bronzed skin with its crimson stain upon her cheek. She wore the short skirt and red cloak of the gipsies, and struck her tambourine with emphasis, while she shouted rather than sung, a wild mountain tune. Opposite on the paling sat a child her exact contrast. High born and richly clad, blonde, delicate, ethereal; her large, dreamy, blue eyes vaguely bent on her companion, who was scarcely a brace of years the older. This was Ermengarde, the heiress by royal grant, of the finest patrimony in all Provence; the other was Magarine the gipsy.

"Well!" said Magarine, in the familiar *patois*, with a short dry laugh as she finished, "How wouldst like to sing so?"

"I had much rather sing my way," answered the child.

"And how may that be?"

"Listen!" and little Ermengarde warbled a sweet air of the Provencal singers.

"Well done!" cried Magarine. "Thou wouldst not then fancy my wild, roaming life?"

"I had rather live *here*."

"Ay! it is a south place for thee, who art dainty and small, and yet it is, as *I* view matters, more mine than thine! Who would say thou and I were sisters? Yet so we are!"

"Me!" answered Ermengarde, nothing moved. "Thou art much darker than I, and hast redder cheeks, and thou art older."

"Nathless, we had one father. Thou will go, ere many years, by virtue of thy rank, and wait on the person of the queen. It is sayright. But such is civilized life. I scorn it! and what care I? I shall meet thee there, sister."

"What is thy name?"

"Magarine."

"Well, I will see thee then, Magarine. I shall know thee by thine ear-rings."

The girl laughed, and bending her head forward, dangled the jewels till they rang again. They were superb pendant rubies, long and sparkling, singularly out of place with her rustic garb, and each of them worth a duke's ransom.

"I may pay thee for thy music?" said Ermengarde.

"If thou will, surely!" was the answer, and the child laid a gold coin in her extended brown palm. Magarine looked wonderingly, bit it with her brilliant teeth, rang it on the flag of the pavement, and having thus tested its value, deposited it in the skin pouch at her belt, took up her broad hat, and saying: "Thou will know me by my mother's jewels, little countess," walked away.

Time passed, and the orphan Countess Ermengarde was called to attend the queen of France, the wife of Philip the Fair, and the hearts of both king and queen being warmed towards her, they bestowed greater tenderness on her than upon all their other maidens. Scarcely had she become accustomed to regal state and pomp, ere in the handsome wife of the old Duc d'Alsice, she recognized Magarine. The rubies still hung in her ears, and she stepped with as native a grace as if she had never known other title than duchess. As the duchess swept by, haughty and without recognition, scorning the support offered by the arm of her chevalier, Sir Drusil Orryyu, Ermengarde, with womanly tact, adopted a similar course, and they met, only on the new ground of nearly equal rank. But Sir Drusil cast his eyes behind him and suffered their gaze to rest long and admiringly on the lovely Ermengarde, till she shrank in timid annoyance beneath it; and not long after, a familiar though slightly softened voice startled her, saying:

"Sir Drusil Orryyu desires the Countess Ermengarde's acquaintance."

It was Magarine, who with a face free from everything but distant and bland politeness, presented her chevalier.

A year was hardly necessary for Sir Drusil's noble qualities to find their echo in the depths of Ermengarde's heart, nor for her tender, pliant grace to bind him to herself, close as lovers may be bound. Yet a year elapsed—a year in which, although love was in Sir Drusil's every glance, he had never yet spoken it; and through which the face of Magarine, with its passionate splendor, flashed upon them here and there, like a torch over troubled waters—ere one sweet summer evening found them standing side by side on the moonlit strand of the royal hunting seat. As they wandered down the pleached alley, Sir Drusil plucked a spray of orange flowers and offered them to Ermengarde.

"Wilt have these blooms?" said he, "I go eastward to Palestine soon; thou mayest, in my absence, weave them through thy fair hair, some morn that makes thee a bride."

"Never! never!" she cried. "I will be no bride but thine!" Then, instantly perceiving her breach of womanly decorum, she hid her face in her hands and turned quickly away.

"Ermengarde!" said Sir Drusil, laying a detaining hand on her arm; she faced him almost fiercely.

"Thou didst love me to it!" she cried, "else I had never so spoken!"

"But listen!"

"I *will not* listen. I will not hear thee spurn me! Am I a worm to be crushed remorselessly? Thou didst tell me, if not in word, yet in glance, in deed, that thou lovedst me. And if I speak the word, am I to blame? No. Thou *art* dear to me! and now scorn as thou wilt!"

The strength and emphasis with which she spoke, were marvellous in one so gentle, yielding and loving. Sir Drusil still detained her.

"Ermengarde," he said, "I feared thee, I feared myself, therefore I was going eastward. I did trust thou wouldst forget me and wed elsewhere, for my oath binds me. Thou knowest a knight templar can never wed. I may not say I love thee. I am a knight templar."

Those two dreadful words fell upon her heart

like heavy blows, striking her stone still. Sir Drusil hesitated, then bent his head forward, pressed his lips to hers, in one long, passionate kiss. "Farewell! Farewell!" he cried, and was gone.

When Ermengarde awoke from her momentary lethargy, and slowly retraced her steps, she knew that the two eyes, sparkling, as their owner boldly crashed through the myrtle thicket, were Magarine's.

As passive and pale she stood in the queen's boudoir that night, his majesty King Philip entered, and throwing himself in an arm chair, in an easy posture, as if weary of royal dignity. Soon he became lost in troubled thought. The queen stole behind his chair, and as her gentle fingers charmed away the vexation from his brow:

"What ponderest so gloomily?" said she, laughingly.

King Philip roused himself and smiled as he divided his seat with his wife.

"I was thinking, my love, of the knight templars," he said, "how I may rid myself of them. Hearken! What is that in the shrubbery? Ho, guards!" and he called the night watch round beneath the window and resumed: "These templars, they are the pest of all Europe. Their power is wonderful. Even thrones are not stable with them. Nothing is safe while they exist. They meddle with crown and stole, with cradle and coffin, king and lackey. They make and mar. I vow to Heaven, that order shall vanish!"

"But how? Will it not assume new forms?"

"That is what I must guard against. It were easy enough to abolish them, but how to make an effective end without bloodshed." He meditated. "Ah! I see now. It must be so," he added, "Ay, that were the better way;" and rising quickly, he strode from the room where all this time Ermengarde had stood motionless, drinking in every word.

The sun rose bright and clear next day, but all its glory for Ermengarde was overcast. The summer warmth and sunshine had vanished, and winter had shut down on her young heart. The chimes of St. Magdalene's had struck out the tenth hour of the day, and their musical intonation was still vibrant on the air, when her *femme-de-chambre* introduced a messenger into the Countess Ermengarde's apartment in the palace. The king and his suite had started on a hunt at the first gray of dawn, and the queen not requiring the presence of her bower ladies for an hour to come, Ermengarde sat miserable and listless alone.

The messenger half-kneeling said, "Thou art wanted, whither I shall lead thee!"

Ermengarde waved him impatiently away, and would have returned to her grief, but he added:

"I was bidden to declare, if thou didst hesitate, that the safety of Sir Drusil Orryyu hung on thy acquiescence."

Mechanically Ermengarde arose, and after a moment's preparation, followed the messenger from the palace. Crossing the park, they mounted steeds in waiting, and Ermengarde perceived, after an hour's gallop, that they were approaching Paris. Leaving their horses without the gate, they threaded innumerable narrow streets, and at last entering a small boat, glided quietly down the Seine. Winding in and out, among arches, bridges, and quays, Ermengarde took no notice, till she found they had silently passed under a wharf, the trap door had fallen behind them, and one holding a torch that reflected ruddy light in the black pool, waited on steps whose long ascent was lost in gloom. The boat grated alongside of the wet, worn staircase, and ascending it, Ermengarde was finally ushered into a dark hall. One in the distance, called her name aloud. "Here am I," she answered in a clear tone. Sliding doors were thrown open, the hall grew lighter, and as long, black curtains were drawn apart, the full light of wax tapers poured out upon her, and Ermengarde advanced.

Drawn on the wall opposite, over the head of one who seemed possessed of authority, were two swords crossed above a skull. Various groups of unhelmeted men in armor, many of whom Ermengarde recognized as courtiers and nobles about the king, were conversing in low, eager tones, throughout the room. Here, were some assorting piles of Damascus blades—where the gold was drawn and mingled with the steel, as fine as woman's tresses. There, were others, tracing maps, labelling poisons, and trifling with tame leopards, and on one side, round a low, marble table, sat a stern conclave, pen in hand, above unwritten parchments, and as Ermengarde saw him who stood at their head, the armorial bearings of a serpent stinging a gauntlet, branded on his bare bosom, she was aware that she stood among the knight templars.

A woman is indispensable to every undertaking, and therefore, nearly in the centre of the room, shrouded in a long cloak, stood Magarine, between two nobles; her bold, black eyes just glanced at the timid Ermengarde, and she resumed her earnest conversation.

"It will be necessary to remove the veil," suggested one, and as Ermengarde did so, her cloak slipped down, leaving displayed the round, white shoulder half hidden in rich lace. She would have gathered it up again, but was commanded not. An utter silence now usurped the murmurs.

"The Countess Ermengarde will repent the conversation of last evening, with Sir Drusil Orryyu," said he who sat beneath the skull.

"I recognize no authority to compel such a course," answered Ermengarde, haughtily.

"Sir Drusil, both bound by vow, and to save thy life, has already repeated it; it is necessary to hear it from the lady's lips. The same reason that caused her to come here, may be urged again."

Ermengarde delayed. The blushes streamed over her delicate face, and the fair hair, falling from beneath its fillet of pearls, in long, unringleted waves, was tremulous with her breath, as with hanging head and downcast eyes, she said:

"Let this suffice. I confessed that I loved him, who loved not me."

"Not so!" said a low, deep voice, as one of the writers rising, revealed Sir Drusil Orryyu.

"Thou didst confess to one who loved, but held thee and his vows sacred."

"But no *words* spoken then, have been repeated," said the grand master.

"I shall say nothing more," answered Ermengarde.

"It sufficiently tallies, my lord," said one, and Ermengarde drew her breath again, while Sir Drusil still stood calm and quiet, gazing at her.

"The countess will now repeat the conversation between the king and queen, taking place at about two hours subsequent, in the queen's private apartment."

Ermengarde steadily looked the grand master in the face.

"It will be one word of it!" she answered.

"Force, then, will constrain her. What sayest thou?"

"I never betray trust"

"Let her bethink herself. It is doubtless of small consequence, yet it must be heard. The knight templars will regret to use torture, but the countess hath her alternative."

"For what purpose is this infernal company!" then cried Ermengarde. "To entrap weak women treacherously, and wring their lives from them? No! I will repeat *naught* to villains!"

The grand master raised his hand, and a singularly constructed vehicle was wheeled forward. It was an elevated rack, but upon it lay all the instruments of torture that a fiendish ingenuity could devise.

"They are very curious," said one who had waited lover-like upon her in the court. "The countess may make her choice."

She selected a cord, stoutly twisted, and would have handed it across the table to Sir Drusil.

"Nay, it would defeat our purpose," said the grand master, as the armorial bearer took it away from the knight. "Since the lady will not choose other," he added, "this will do. We will begin gently," and he lifted the terrible hand-screw, while two others would have impelled her onward; but with a motion full of dignity, she repelled them, and advancing towards the grand master, extended her hand. He fitted the iron glove on it, drew forward the edges into the grooves, attached the rings, the chains and the wrenches, and waited.

"Thus I atone for my unwomanliness," she murmured, and herself touched lightly with her foot the heavy pendulum that moved the great wheel in whose axle her gloved hand was inserted. Slowly the ponderous circle crashed down, the metal sounded, the painful wrenches turned, the rings screwed tighter, the weights fell, and the nail and flesh and vein and bone were cut and torn and jammed, and the wrenched palm was inserted. The first instant, her face, with its quick expression of excruciating agony, was half held away, the next, it returned, and calmly met the unmoved gaze of Sir Drusil, while still the wheel crashed down, with its sharp spiked axle, lifting, tearing, crushing. At last Sir Drusil could bear it no longer. What were oaths, or vows, or life itself? He sprang forward, tore away the pendulum, un-gyved and unscrewed her hand, and laid bare the mass of fearfully lacerated and broken flesh and bone.

"She faints," said the grand master, quietly, and while one rehung the pendulum, Magarine dashed a powerful liquor in her face, and poured it over the torn and cut limb. The quick, smarting pain recalled the sufferer.

"What thinketh the countess now of torture?" queried the grand master.

"I can suffer more," answered Ermengarde, lifting her other hand; but Sir Drusil intercepted it, and fitting the glove on his own instead, thrust it into the axle.

"On me let it come," he only said.

"By no means!" cried the grand master.

"If it must be, it is easiest thus to wring confession!" answered Sir Drusil, as he gave the pendulum its impetus and again the wheel crashed down.

Ermengarde had stood like one in a maze, quivering and breathless, but now, like a flash, she flung herself at the feet of the master, crying: "I will repeat it all! all! Cease the torture! For the dear Christ's sake!"

"You swear?"

"Yes! yes! I swear!"

He laid his restraining hand upon the wheel, and Magarine herself unbuckled the bruised hand of Sir Drusil, and poured over it the quickening and saving liquor. Ermengarde stood erect, repeating rapidly and with preternatural distinctness, every syllable of the king and queen on the preceding night.

"Said his majesty no more?"

"Nothing more."

They led the brave girl to a seat, and with womanly tenderness, the surgeon cleansed and dressed her hand, put together the broken bones, closed the flesh, covered up the skin, and splintered the whole member.

"Ermengarde," murmured Sir Drusil, as he leaned over her chair, "do not these two hands deserve each other?"

She took the hand (which he had refused to have attended while she recited her narrative), and pressed it, all bleeding and rent as it was, gently to her lips.

"For me—for me—I, who am unworthy!" she whispered.

"Ay and nay!" he answered. "It is a knight templar's expiation for having loved!"

The signification of a past love, which his words implied, stung her. "Why delay here?" she said, imperiously, turning on the surgeon. "Leave me, and bind up there!"

But Sir Drusil utterly refused, till Ermengarde's was finished. When the surgeon had nearly concluded his attention to the knight templar, "The countess must now swear secrecy concerning this morning!" said the grand master.

"Never shall I swear that."

"Wisheth she another such experience?"

"It is in thy power to kill me. Exert that power on a woman, as thou hast done. Cling valiantly to the chivalry whence thy order sprang. Back and scourge! But I will certainly repeat to the king, faithfully as I have repeated to thee, whatever has transpired this morning."

What the terrible threat in the master's eye meant was not interpreted, for Sir Drusil dashed between and seized Ermengarde in his arms. "Enough! enough!" he said. "Move, on your peril! Now let the knight templars dispersse through the kingdoms as they heretofore have done, and when the *seal of the temple* is given from one to another, let each return to this place. Not before; for there is danger abroad. Shall it be so, my lord?"

There was an unexplained force in Sir Drusil's glance. All the templars approved. "Your oaths still bind ye all," said the grand master. "We will shortly do as thou sayest." And within an hour, Sir Drusil left Ermengarde at the palace.

Immediately seeking the queen, Ermengarde found the king, returned from the hunt, in her company, and detailed, with passionate vehemence, word for word of the day's events. At first, the horror and indignation of Philip and his queen knew no bounds, but they soon became convinced that open measures would be of little use, and the king became only more thoroughly determined to effect the destruction of the templars.

"And what wilt thou do now, my poor Ermengarde?" asked the queen.

"I will get me to a nunnery," she answered, "where, in rest and peace and worship, I may forget my sorrows."

"By my faith, thou shalt not!" cried the king. "Will we lose our pretty Ermengarde behind a grate?"

"There will be peace and quiet, sire," she resounded. "There, since earthly joys are denied me, I can gather heavenly guerdons for my need!" But the king still persisted, and here the conversation dropped.

For a month the fever, that next day seized her, never abated, and when, at last, she rose, so thin and pale and sad, Sir Drusil (who was at court that day) felt his aching heart sink within him, gazing on her, and he inwardly cursed the hour he took knight templar vows.

Ermengarde early withdrew, but there sat one in the shade of the tapestry, whom, in the twilight, he mistook for her. 'Meet me, but one moment, Ermengarde, by the Fountain of the Two Angels," he whispered.

Magarine turned her head. "Doth a knight templar forget his oaths?" she asked.

"Thou art omnipresent, Duchesse d'Alsice!" he answered; but the duchess laughed, and left him.

When Ermengarde was sufficiently recovered, and her hand was healed, she again broached the subject of the nunnery.

"We approve, dear one, of thy holy inclination," said the queen. "Yet are we loth to lose thee."

"Now hearken!" cried the king; "for two years thou mayest wear the black garments of the Sisters of Charity, but only as their pupil, and then, if thou persistest, Ermengarde, why, thou mayest go to Jericho, if so it please thee!"

And thus soon, the gentle occupation of tending the sick, praying by the dying, and feeding the needy, began to loosen the weight from her heart-strings. As Ermengarde, in pursuance of her vocation, crossed a broad street one day, she was met by a court page.

"I bring thee a message from one, of whom thou hast doubtless heard," said he, "Sir Drusil Orryyu;" and he produced some ivory tablets. Ermengarde would have taken them.

"One moment," said the page, holding them away; and, crushing the tablets in his hand, he broke them into fragments. "How faithful are nun and knight in their order!" he said, as he brushed away the plumes that shaded his face, and stared full at her.

"I am not yet a nun, Magarine," answered Ermengarde, who, though she knew that she had been rightly defrauded of the message, was nevertheless grieved. "Magarine—" she said.

"I know no such person!"

"Duchesse d'Alsice, then."

"I know no such person!"

"Sister?"

"Ay. Now what wouldst thou, slender countess, nun or nurse?"

"Why dost thou thus perpetually waylay me? Why art thou in league with those who tortured me?"

"Because I am bold, brave and skilful. I am handsome. I have many lovers, and my sources of information are not to be numbered. I am a gipsey, I am a duchess; court and cabin are my fields. Not that I bear any hatred for thee, but I shall alway cross thy path, while there are knight templars. It is my fate!" and bowing low, Magarine, the page, was gone, and weary and dispirited, Ermengarde went on her way.

"What chills me thus, and tires me?" she asked herself. "If it is sin, I will seek penance;" and she entered a little chapel on the roadside. Kneeling at the confessional—"My father," she began, when a glimpse of gold at the priest's ear caught her eye, and looking up, she saw the long rubies, sparkling and pendant. The priest turned his face towards her at the interruption. Lo! it was Magarine's! and with a heavier heart, Ermengarde left the place.

Sir Drusil had departed on his pilgrimage, or had shut himself in his castle on the Rhine, few knew which, when one day Ermengarde was summoned to the king.

"Well, little nun, what of thy vocation?" asked Philip.

"It giveth me tranquil happiness!" and indeed her calm, sweet face affirmed the truth of her words.

"The nobles play at tennis, down below," resumed Philip; "when he, who was grand master that cruel day, he who holds the *seal of the temple*, hurls his ball, do thou designate him."

"That is he," said Ermengarde.

"He? I would as soon have suspected thee! Art thou sure?"

"Quite sure, sire."

"When this seal, that he holdeth, shall be handed from one knight templar to another, they will assemble here, thou saidst. I have discovered the hall where thou wert tortured. I do not think any of them bear me now. Slowly and surely, little one, and thine enemies and mine shall be no more!"

Sir Drusil Orryyu sat at midnight in his castle turret, angrily brooding over the past, when a tall, light form glided quickly before him, took his hand and led him, as if by fascination, over the draw bridge, across the moat.

"Arm and mount!" cried Magarine to the knight. "Go seek the holy Grail! Waste not thy life, thou man, in fruitless repining, like a girl!" So Sir Drusil filled himself with purpose and with hope, and went onward.

Another year had elapsed, and it matters not by what means Philip the Fair had obtained and circulated the *seal of the temple*, yet thus he had done, and once more the knight templars were gradually collecting. Thus at about this time, the sisters left Ermengarde in charge of a wounded knight. All night, Ermengarde bathed his brow, measured the drops of his cordial, and soothed him to sleep with the gentle waving of her fingers. At last, the moon rounding to the casement, shed its light on the sleeper's face, waking him, and Ermengarde learned, with fear and wonder, that her patient was Sir Drusil. As she stood in the moonlight, her face, pale as death, bound above the brow with black serge, and her hair falling in amber clouds beside it, "Ermengarde! doth thy spirit haunt me!" cried the knight, rising on his elbow.

Ermengarde turned away, daring to give no answer. "I *will* speak and soothe him," at last she murmured to herself. "That, surely, cannot be wrong!" and she came back; but the couch was empty, the knight was gone, and on the pillow was a handkerchief, embroidered with the heraldry of the *Duchesse d'Alsice*.

The spring and summer wheeled away, and warm September decadence was in the air, when finally, as the templars, with their wondering grand master, were all collected, the king, with an armed band, burst in upon their council, abolished the order, captured and condemned those he judged to be feared, and suffered the others to escape. The scaffold was erected in the public square, the galleries were thronged with lords and ladies, the populace crowded below in thick ranks, all the bells of the city rung merrily as at a bridal, save that of the nearest, which tolled slowly and bodefully. The four knight templars, who had been boldest in intrigue and villany, had already gone to their doom, when upon the balcony opposite the scaffold, entered the queen and her ladies. The king rose and seated the queen, made a sign to the chief officer, and Sir Drusil Orryyu was marshalled on the scaffold, while a new headsman supplanted the other. "The king will pardon Sir Drusil Orryyu," cried a clear voiced herald, "on condition that he wed Rose, daughter of Burgundy."

Sir Drusil made a gesture of dissent, and turned to the block.

"Then let the execution proceed," cried the king. The headsman wiped the blade of his axe and lifted it slowly.

"Stay! stay!" called the herald. "Delay till the holy conventuals be passed!" for a procession of the sisters of charity were winding across the square, where the people opened a lane for them.

"Who dieth?" asked one, in a low tone, of a burgess.

"Orryyu, the templar," was the reply.

Instantly, her companion broke away from the band, and rushing forward, sprung up the steps of the king's balcony, and threw herself at his feet. "Spare him! save him, O my liege! take not *his* life! rather mine."

The king smiled, while the queen raised the suppliant; and stepping forward, his majesty himself exclaimed, pointing at Ermengarde: "Sir Drusil, if we grant thee life, thou knowest on what other condition?"

"Ay, my liege."

"And dost thou accede to it?"

"I cannot."

"Prithee, why?" demanded the king, imperiously.

"I have sworn. A knight templar is absolved from his oaths only by the grand templar. Philip of France, alone, knoweth where *he* may be!"

"Ay, do I!" answered the king, with singular condescension. "Yonder, in yon hull, that drops down the Seine, rudder-less, sail-less, oar-less. The tide carries him and his mates far out to sea. Never more, shall sight of purple inlands gladden their hearts, nor sweet winds blowing from shore, carry messages of love to their ears. They were villains! And there are whistling storms and mighty depths in the Atlantic!"

"Yet, my oath is unabsolved!" answered the templar. The headsman lifted his hood, and turning a sparkle of glowing rubies towards Sir Drusil, the astonished knight beheld Magarine, whom, not ten minutes before, he had seen sitting with the queen.

"When that hull, now floating down the river, runs up the templar's ensign," she said, "thou art absolved. He lade me declare it, who gave me this jewel for thee!" and she handed him a diamond cross, the gift of the grand master to every templar who withdrew from the order, freed from his oath. A slight wind rippled the scarfs of the ladies in their galleries, while all eyes were bent on the hull dropping out to sea, and as slowly a black flag ascended the slender mast, the breeze shook out its folds, displaying a serpent biting the gauntlet, quartered with the white skull and crossed swords, drawn on its sombre sheen.

"Thou art no longer a templar!" cried Magarine, throwing down the axe. "Thou art absolved from thy oath! Thou mayest now wed Rose or Ermengarde!" and seizing his hand, she conducted him, as she had before led him from his castle, down the scaffold steps, across the square of wondering, shrinking citizens, and into the palace drawing room, in whose balcony were the king and queen. The old Duc d'Alsice stared with all his eyes.

"What means this!" cried the king, angrily. "Why see we her grace the Duchesse d'Alsice, in a headsman's garb!" The tone was ominous, but the duchess, with the old gipsey laugh, defied it.

"My errand here is over!" she replied. "The knight templars are extinct. The Duchesse d'Alsice is dead! but Magarine, the gipsey, springs from her ashes. The atmosphere of courts is foul with hatred and woe and death! Give me the free breath of plain and river! I, who am of the proud Bohemian race, dwelling among the mountains, serve royal Frank and Gaul! I go. Yet first I leave little Ermengarde this memorial—wear it, sister!" and she tore the ruby ear-rings from her ears with violence, and flung them, wet with drops of blood, into Ermengarde's lap. "They are centuries old!" she laughed. "Yet my mother's ear-rings are like the vanities of Paris, and I eschew them!" She knelt down quickly at Ermengarde's feet. "Kiss me speedily on the forehead—as my mother did!" she cried. Ermengarde threw her arms about her neck and did so.

"Stay here, dear Magarine!" she said. "Be happy with us." But ere she finished, Magarine had vanished.

By the king's will, Sir Drusil had taken Ermengarde to wife that very day, had not a messenger, in hot haste, broke up court and council, and called all men to camp and casque, with news of the southern rebellion. The command of the army was given to Sir Drusil Orryyu, and day by day news came of his prowess in the battle-field, till at last, victorious, he returned to lay his trophies at the king's feet. And amid the acclamations of the populace, who shouted just as loudly, a summer gone, beneath his scaffold, now in the triumph, by his side, radiant with beauty and blushes and sumptuous appliance of attire—no longer the pupil of the gentle nuns, but the darling wife of Sir Drusil Orryyu—rode Ermengarde.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LOVED THAT ARE GONE.

BY R. P. SMITH.

List to the music, 'tis the murmur of angels,
As gently they float to earth from above;
'Tis their tones of melody, as from our Father
They come to watch o'er our slumbers in love.
List to the melody,
Beautiful harmony,
Lingering echoes lull us to sleep,
Music of vigils the angels keep.

Why should we grieve for them, those that have gone before?
Why should we mourn for them? heaven's their home;
Are they not angels bright, angels all happiness?
Are they not waiting there for us to come?
Happy e'ermore above,
With the great God they love,
Glory is thine, seraphs forever,
Say, should we weep? Ah, never—never.

Hovering over us and guarding our slumbers,
Those that we loved, that are gone from us now;
Raising their voices in the praise of Jehovah,
Musical voices, so gentle—so low.
O, how I wish that I
To all the world could die,
Die to live with angels in heaven,
To rest with God, a seraph,—forgiven.

THE CITY OF LYNN.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Nahant, speaks as follows of a ride to the city of shoes, leather, shoemakers and statesmen: "When we pass the tongue of land which connects Nahant with Lynn, we have little else than different phases of a pretty village or ruralized town and an eternity of leather. Gods, what a crowd of shoemakers! There being nothing but shoemakers, it is understood the people live on leather, being very expert in cooking it tripe-fashion. All the statesmen of New England here appear as shoemakers. If the motto '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,' had been held to in New England, it is probable that a 'galaxy of eloquence' (blessings on the novel phrase!) would have been wanting. The Choates are shoemakers, and Websters, and Chases, and Everetts, and Adamses and the Lord knows who all. Shoes! shoes! shoes! Who'll buy? But understand that a Lynn shoemaker is to Lynn what a manufacturer is to Boston, merchant to New York, a lawyer to Philadelphia, a politician to Washington, and a planter to Charleston. It is the leather aristocracy of the place. There is Mr. Oliver, who has built a gem of a country seat where, if the inside be like the outside, we vote for leather. And all so neat through the town! No rubbish—no beggars—no fools. The people are all tidy, bright, and with the saline rose on their cheeks which cometh of the breeze and the fog. After shoes, in another part of the community come fish. All the streets here and houses have an ancient and fish-like smell—economies wrested out of the deep by the bold-souled inhabitants."

ANECDOTE OF FORREST.

Forrest, on his first visit to Europe, being one day in Paris, was induced by a friend (long a resident of that capital) to visit the school for actors, attached to the Theatre Francois, to see the pupils perform. After a time, Forrest remarked to his friend: "I see none here of more than ordinary talent, except that one," pointing to a fragile girl of about fourteen years of age. "That girl," said Forrest, "if well instructed, will make a distinguished actress."

Some years after, the friend wrote Forrest: "Do you remember that fragile girl we saw at the school? and do you remember your prediction? She is RACHEL, the great tragedienne."—*New York Express.*

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NEW ORLEANS.—Th
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ill, Sir Drusil had taken Er- that very day, had not a mes- te, broke up court and council, n to camp and casque, with ern rebellion. The command given to Sir Drusil Orryyu, owe came of his prowess in the last, victorious, he returned to the king's feet. And amid of the populace, who shouted ummer gone, beneath his scaf- triumph, by his side, radiant lushes and sumptuous appli- longer the pupil of the gentle ing wife of Sir Drusil Orryyu de.

r The Flag of our Union.]

ED THAT ARE GONE.

r S. P. SMITH.

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CITY OF LYNN.

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"The Repentant Father-in-Law," a story by R. P. BOYLSTON.
"One Kind Thought of thee," lines by CLIFTON M. BERKLEY.
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"Alfred Evelyn," "No. 9," "Eagle Cliff." "A Bouquet at Midwinter," "A London Fog," "The Startling Denouement," and "Verses on an Iceberg."

BULL FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

One of our late foreign exchanges stated that the love of bull-fighting, so long the national sport of Spain, was on the decline, and that the people no longer considered it as one of the necessities of life, though they have hitherto regarded it as such. *Pan y toros* (bread and bulls!) has ever been the cry of the Spanish mob. If the statement we have referred to be true—which we can hardly admit—it is a deeply significant fact, showing that the Spanish character is undergoing a wonderful transformation; and, indeed, recent political events show that it is rapidly improving, giving promise of restored greatness to a nation, whose past glory and rapid decadence form one of the most striking features of European history.

The Spaniards possess more of the spirit of the ancient Romans than any people of the European continent. Their beautiful, sonorous and manly language, which has been termed the language of gods, is, singularly enough, far more like the Latin tongue than that spoken by the modern inhabitants of Italy. The same similarity to the masters of the world is traceable in the sports of the arena, for we cannot bring ourselves to speak of their love of the circus in the past tense, till we have received confirmation of the statement we referred to be above. A Spanish writer tells us, that while everywhere in Europe you encounter the remains of Roman amphitheatres, Spain alone has preserved the identical spectacle of the circus, though the ancient edifices have yielded to the action of time. Strange and little-noted fact! In customs and spirit, the Spanish nation is the most Roman people of the present day.

All their misfortunes spring from this source. Inimical to labor, warlike, heroic, tenacious, temperate, and passionately fond of sports, they still ask only *panem et circenses* (bread and circusses), to live happily in the midst of their decay. The sanguinary combats of wild beasts have striven for twenty centuries against Christianity, and triumphed over it, as the *toreadores* triumph over their more formidable adversaries. On the *plaza de toros* the Spanish people are grand and sublime, the sovereign and regal people. There they indemnify themselves, by emotions more lively than those of mere sport, for the privations to which their poverty condemns them; and if this diversion be amenable to the charge of barbarity and cruelty, it must be acknowledged that it does not disgrace the individual like that intemperance which forms the ignoble pleasure of all the nations of the earth. The Spaniard is temperate, as proved by the very cloak upon his shoulders, since a drunken man could not keep his feet encumbered by the *capa*. For their bull fighting, it is a barbarous, terrible and sanguinary spectacle, but, unquestionably, full of seduction and excitement.

On great occasions, such as a royal *fiesta*, amateurs of rank, called *caballeros en plaza*, engage the bulls. These *caballeros en plaza* were formerly nobles of distinction; they are now frequently young gentlemen of good standing. The truly Roman characteristic of the bull-fight is the fact that this spectacle is not only public, and authorized by government, but takes place officially and under the immediate superintendence of the authorities. The governor of Madrid, in ordinary circumstances, and the sovereign, upon great occasions, personally preside and direct all the details; and the queen herself has been known to reward with her own fair hand the victors in these bloody sports. This national sport has been described so often that we shall not attempt to delineate it. We have adverted to it as a curious, characteristic feature of the Spanish nation, which may one day be remembered only as a thing that was.

AMERICA AT PARIS.—Prince Napoleon has purchased Mauny's reaping machine, and the patent of France has been sold to a company. The sale of American reapers will not be so great in France as in England, because, in the former case, the land is subdivided into small patches, while in England there are only 30,000 land owners, and the farms are so large that the owners can afford to purchase machinery.

A STEAM RACE.—The Ariel and Arago steamships lately left New York for Havre at the same time. We shall soon hear which beat or blew up. It is rather a long heat; but then, it "isn't the distance that kills, but the pace."

BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The amount appropriated for the schools the present year is $121,700. For Grammar Schools, $212,000; Primary, $120,200; School Houses, $89,500.

NEW ORLEANS.—This city will be as gay as ever this winter. Dion Bourcicault's new theatre will, we think, prove very attractive.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

The fall of Sebastopol is still the theme of comment in the London papers. The wild enthusiasm excited by the first reception of the news, is subsiding, as men in France and England count the sacrifice of life by which it was achieved. It is the most memorable military event since Waterloo.

The grand attack on the Malakoff took place on the 8th of last month. The plan of the battle, says an English paper, of which the issue has been so glorious, appears to have been as follows: "The place was attacked in four directions. The British troops attempted the storming of the Redan; the French attacked the Malakoff; the extreme right of the French made a diversion on the Little Redan; and a united attack of the English, French and Sardinians was made on the Central Battery. All these attacks appear to have been made simultaneously with great spirit and energy; but the one which was eminently successful, and eventually decided the fate of the day, was that made by the allies, led by General Bosquet and General M'Mahon, on the Malakoff. Both the Redan and the Central Bastion were, at times, in possession of the storming parties, but so accurately did the guns of the enemy cover these works, that as soon as we had gained possession of them, and the Russians had retreated, the fire which opened upon our men was so murderous that it was found impossible to hold the position which we had so gloriously won. The French eagles once floating over the Malakoff, the victory was half gained, and the bombardment was continued with increased impetuosity and fierceness. Having now the southern part of the town within range of our mortars, an 'infernal fire,' as Prince Gortschakoff calls it, was opened on the doomed city, the effect of which was that in a short time the whole place was in flames, and, owing to the Russians exploding their mines, literally reduced to ashes. The fate of the Russians, and the condition of the stronghold which they have so gallantly defended, cannot be more pathetically described than in the language of the prince who commanded them: 'Our brave men, who resisted to the last extremity (says the vanquished general), are now crossing over to the northern part of Sebastopol, and the enemy will find nothing in the southern part of the town but blood-stained ruins and the grievously wounded men who defended it.'"

The Russians destroyed their whole fleet before retiring to North Sebastopol. The allies lost more than 20,000 men! The Malakoff tower was taken by the *corps d'armee* of General Bosquet, who has been made a marshal of France.

The London Shipping Gazette says, "the fall of Sebastopol is the fall of Russia." The continued resistance of the Russians will probably be short, and the next information received may be that the whole of Sebastopol has been abandoned to the allies.

MARY TAYLOR'S LOVER.

We find the following pitiable story in the New York Times and Messenger: "Few persons have gone through Broadway, for a year or more past, without meeting a small, dirty, pitiable-looking object, with long, dishevelled locks, and face covered with filth-begrimed hair, but always with a cigar in his mouth. His name is Edward Carter, and some twelve or thirteen years ago, he was as clean and spruce-looking a man as you would desire to meet. He is by trade a carver, and an excellent workman—possessing, indeed, more than ordinary talent. At that time Mary Taylor was in the zenith of her popularity, and he became deeply, madly enamored of her. He followed the lady like a shadow, and was frequently so very annoying that her friends were compelled to give him into custody. On one occasion, we believe, he forced himself into her carriage as she entered it to return home from the theatre. For years, however, despite repulses, he nursed his passion with delusive hopes until at length it overturned his reason; he ceased to work, and became the repulsive creature we have described. Recently he was arrested as a vagrant, and being clearly in that category, was sent to Blackwell's Island for six months."

ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN AMERICA!

The great elephant attached to the circus company of G. F. F. Bailey & Co., having killed his keeper at Camden, S. C., lately, was, after a fair investigation, judged insane and unsafe, and his death consequently decreed. The execution was committed to the Camden Light Infantry; but a perfect hail-storm of bullets did not effect their purpose. He survived one night after being shot at, and was despatched, with considerable difficulty and danger, the next day. We have heard of a field-piece being necessary to destroy a mad elephant.

USE OF WEALTH.—The New York Critic says: "Were we rich, instead of founding institutions, we would found individuals. We would fly to the aid of private genius, and furnish it with the means to realize its noblest—nay, its wildest—aspirations." Now our theory is, that genius, true genius, is sure to make its way, and that trial and misfortune can no more suppress it, than a shower of rain can extinguish an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

WILLISISMS.—N. P. Willis says of Rachel: "She has had her ovations in France, where woman is most *fascinating*—in England, where woman is most *equilibrified*—in Germany, where woman is most *useful sized*—in Russia, where woman is most *enslaved*. To America, where woman is *most idolized*, she comes last."

OFFICIAL GENEROSITY.—The city of Louisville being hard up lately—like many cities, and more individuals—Mayor Barker contributed $8000 out of his own pocket to help it along. Such a mayor is a perfect "hoss."

PIANOFORTES.—The Messrs. Chickering's great establishment turns out about one piano every two hours, and yet cannot meet the demand.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The Freewill Baptists have decided to locate their Theological Institution at Lewiston, Me.

Lieut. Maury, whose services to science are invaluable, is retained at the observatory.

A lot of thieves from Australia are in New York, and a detachment in this city.

Corks, bearing the Heidsick brand, leaped from a window, and broke his leg.

Mr. Vandenhoff played a successful engagement at the Boston Theatre, recently.

Field & Co. made us but a flying visit at the Howard Athenæum.

Mr. Plummer Wheeler was killed by the caving in of a well at Manchester, Mass.

Miss Adelaide Phillips has returned home safely, to the delight of her friends.

The U. S. Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows held their annual session at Baltimore, lately.

The total valuation of the city of New York is $486,998,287—Boston, about half that.

Charles R. Thorne, the popular actor, has again gone out to California.

Mike Walsh is writing letters from Europe to the New York Herald. He writes spicily.

Statues of Winthrop, Otis, Adams and Story are to be placed in Mount Auburn.

The Providence people are delighted at getting rid of the baby show.

Judge Douglas, of Florida, a leading Free Mason, died very recently.

The sloop of war Cyane, of Greytown memory, lately sailed from New York.

The Lowell operatives are to have the long fall and winter evenings to themselves.

Charles W. Johnson, Esq., lately walked seven miles in one hour twenty-four minutes.

Two young ladies of New Orleans, once wealthy, are working at a Lowell mill.

The people of Woburn, Mass., have formed a bread league to purchase flour for their supply.

Mary Brown lately donned male attire and enlisted as a soldier at Rome, N. Y.

The New York Academy of Music has opened for an opera season of forty nights.

THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.

A correspondent of the Transcript, writing from Baltimore, says: "Within a biscuit throw of Barnum's Hotel stands an unpretending monument, erected to the memory of the heroes who fell at the battle of North Point. Among the names inscribed upon this column are those of the two poor boys, who sacrificed themselves to save the city. I mean the martyr youths who slew the invader Ross—who went out to die, and died. Were not these two boys as great to us as Curtius was to Rome, or Mutius Scævola? It appears to me that in our headlong gallop for the great Yankee goal, gold; that in our blood-hot, panting heat for the 'calf,' we never can find time to give a 'thank you, sirs,' to those who, with the point of the bayonet, cleared the track for us. It is only until very recently that the memory of the patriotic captors of Andre have been honored with a monument; and while the death of that unfortunate Englishman is lamented from one end of Maine to the other of Texas, the name of *Hale* is never heard, and I think it would puzzle Lossing to tell us where rest the neglected bones of poor *Champe*."

NAPOLEON'S NATIVITY.

It appears that the Great Emperor was not born in Corsica after all; but was a native of the Emerald Isle! This important discovery was made by the editor of the New Orleans Picayune; he says: "We had taken a seat in an omnibus beside an enthusiastic Hibernian, who declared—and pointed his declaration with an oath—that no great man was ever born outside of the limits of Ireland. 'What will you make of Bonaparte?' inquired a forward specimen of young France, who was also a passenger. 'Bonaparte, Bonaparte, is it?' exclaimed our Hibernian friend; 'faith it's me that knew Bonaparte well when he was a boy in ould Ireland. We used to go to school together; but it wasn't Bonaparte they called him, but *Boy Patrick*, at your service.' Young France caved in and left the 'bus."

TOBACCO.—The Friends, at their yearly meeting in Pennsylvania, fulminated a "counterblaste against ye fylthye takyinge of tobaccoe" almost equal to King James's. They say that the devotees of tobacco "transform this beautiful earth into a reeking, noisome smoke-house by the conversion of 2,000,000 tuns of the weed into poisonous vapor."

YELLOW FEVER.—One remedy proposed to counteract the progress of yellow fever, is to kindle large fires in the streets of an infected city, and in the basement of every private and public building, by which means the foul atmosphere, being heated, would rise and pass off. The fires would require the utmost vigilance and attention.

PATHETIC.—At Rachel's death-scene in Adrienne Lecouvreur, the ladies in the boxes weep so abundantly that it is absolutely necessary to carry an umbrella, if you sit in the parquet.

STREET LAMPS.—The gas-lights in New York have this advantage, they enable you to see the gentleman who robs you, and even read his card, if he feels disposed to hand it to you.

EXCELLENT.—Putnam says that a spindle-shanked dandy is palpably a vagrant, inasmuch as he has "no visible means of support."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"No. 327; or, The Heiress and Artist." a story by F. CLINTON BARNARD.
"Lines written in a West Indian Lady's Album," by MATURIN M. BALLOU.
"Sketches of Our Old Masters."
"Our Early Friends," poem by ALBERT FORESTER.
"Broadway," a sketch by ANNE T. WHARTON.
"The Course of the Stream," verses by CHARLES G. CHAMPNEY.
"Mr. Lisconn's Prejudice," a story by MARY L. MANT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of the late Horticultural Exhibition at the Music Hall in Boston.

Four fine pictures of Meneely's Bell Foundry at West Troy, N. Y.; first a Bird's-eye View of the exterior of the building; second, an interior view, third, the Mounting Room and Yard, and, fourth, the Moulding and Casting process.

Views of the old and new modes of travelling, giving, first, a representation of a Mail-Coach changing Horses; second, an old-fashioned Stage-Coach; third, a Railroad Train; and, fourth, a scene, representing the starting of a Railroad Train from Worcester Depot, Boston.

Portrait of Col. Isaac H. Wright.

Front View of the New Public Library, Boston.

Representation of the English Mail Steamer Alliance.

The Sultan of Turkey on Horseback in the Streets of Constantinople.

. The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The allies found immense materials of war in their recent capture of Sebastopol.

The London Artizan mentions an invention for softening horn, and rendering it elastic like whalebone.

There are said to be 5000 hacks in Paris. The wages of hackmen are 70 cents a day, and his gratuities average 25 cents more.

A late English paper states that the manuscript of Macaulay's new volumes is in the hands of the Longmans, and will be forthcoming before Christmas.

The Government of Melbourne has exempted editors of newspapers from serving on juries, and has remitted the fines of some for non-attendance.

The well known Austrian Marshal Radetsky has just completed his 89th year, and has served in the army seventy-one years. He is still in good health, but has requested to be allowed to retire.

We have nothing of the slightest interest in the Baltic. The fleet is inactive or only engaged in reconnoissances. The London Press comments with much severity upon the inglorious results of the campaign.

The news of the capture of Sebastopol was received with general rejoicing all over England. It is said that such demonstrations of joy and rejoicing have not been seen before throughout the country since the close of the great war, forty years ago.

Austria is said to have offered her mediation to Denmark in her difference with the United States. Doubts are entertained, however, as to whether the United States will consent to the compromise which Denmark intends proposing, the lowering of the Sound duties generally, but Prussia would be quite disposed to accept it.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward.

It is hard work to teach people who can learn nothing without being taught.

The thoughtless and impatient shut their eyes to danger, rather than labor to avert it.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they are worth nothing.

No persons make so large a demand upon the reason of others as those who have none of their own.

All the sense in the world is useless to him who has none; he has no views, and can't be profited by another man's.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blenches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

The harp of the human spirit never yields such sweet music as when its frame-work is most shattered, and its strings most torn.

There is no fear of knowing too much, though there is great fear of practising too little. The most learned shall be the most knowing man.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground, at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy, will not seek in vain.

In judging ourselves, we cannot be too severe; in judging others, we cannot be too lenient. We should judge ourselves by our motives, but others by their actions.

It hath been well observed, that the arts which flourish in times while virtue is in growth, are military; and while virtue is in state, are liberal; and while virtue is in declination, are voluptuary.

Health and wealth prevent men from experiencing misfortunes, and inspire them with insensibility for their fellow-creatures; such as are oppressed with their own miseries, express more compassion for others.

Joker's Budget.

High Living—To reside in a six story house and eat your meals in the garret.

Going Fashionable—People who spend fifteen dollars every time they earn ten.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post seem to improve his pace? Because it would make him fast.

Gen. Taylor, on one occasion, being besieged by office-seekers, made the remark, that "some were doomed to appointment, and some to disappointment."

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate," one who would prove "a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very earnestly: "How big is your lot?"

Modesty where least expected—Delicate swell (budding up his long coal previous to running over a dirty crossing)—"Good gracious! I hope to goodness no lady will see my ankles!"

"*Tom Walker, Esq.*," said a commercial gentleman to a dandy, "will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business." Dandy—"Dessay; d'light-ed to 'ear it—always 'ad great aversion t'all kinds of business."

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight miles for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

A country chap who was caught in the water-wheel of a grist mill, and had the good fortune to escape with no other damage than a slight ducking, says he intends to apply for a pension, on the ground that he is a *survivor of the revolution.*

The editor of the Buffalo Express says he has seen the contrivance by which the author of the Silver Lake snake-story in the Republic "heated his imagination." He merely says it "holds about a gill."

Gnill and Scissors.

Sylvanus Packard offers $10,000 per year for three years, making the whole amount of his contributions $30,000, to Tufts College, provided the same amount is made up by others in the same time. This is said to be one half of Mr. Packard's fortune, and is therefore an instance of great and unusual liberality.

A reverend gentleman in New York, a few Sabbaths since, seeing a poor woman tottering up one of the aisles of his church, waiting in vain for some one to offer her a seat, paused in his sermon, descended from the pulpit, showed her into his own pew, and quietly returned to his desk again.

The doorway of a coal yard in New York is adorned by a statue of a negro slave. The Commercial Advertiser says it is not quite equal in loveliness to Power's Greek Slave, but more true to nature so far as color is concerned. This piece of bituminous statuary attracts much attention.

The dedication of the new Masonic Hall in Philadelphia took place on Wednesday, the 26th ult. The ceremonies of the occasion were very imposing, and were interesting not only to members of the order in Philadelphia, but also to many thousand others who witnessed them.

Samuel Robbins, a lad of eighteen years, son of Mr. Samuel Robbins, of Salisbury, Ct., died recently of a disease of the lungs, occasioned by a piece of herdsgrass which he accidentally drew into those organs nine years ago, while running with it in his mouth.

Through the liberality of Jared Sparks, the management of Bowdoin College have been enabled to fill out one of the panels on the interior walls of the chapel. Artists are busily engaged upon a design from Raphael's Carton of "St. Paul at Athens."

A young school teacher at Cambridge has received information from the proper authorities in Para, Brazil, of the death at that place of a Mr. S., a rejected suitor, who has left property to her, by will, to the amount of $70,000.

Hon. Benjamin Gorham, the oldest member of the Suffolk Bar, recently died in Boston. Mr. G. was once representative to Congress from Suffolk District, and was an eminent counsellor.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, says that James Buchanan, our minister to England, is a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Polk, the widow of Ex President Polk.

At last accounts, Father Sawyer of Maine had quite recovered from his illness at Bangor, and was as well as usual. Early in October, the old gentleman was 100 years old.

The number of volumes added to the library of Brown University, during the past year, was 1310; of which 877 were obtained by purchase, 332 by donation, and 101 by exchange.

The steamer Sebastopol, wrecked in the late hurricane on Lake Michigan, was valued at $65,000, being a fine new propeller. The whole loss by her is estimated at $80,000.

The banking institutions in Boston have decided to settle their balances at a Clearing House, similar in its organization to the one now so successful in operation in New York.

Captain Folsom, deceased, late Quarter-Master in California, who was reported to have been a millionaire, was a defaulter for upwards of $200,000.

The population of North Bridgewater, Mass., is 5208. The oldest person in town is a female, named Abigail Hartwell, in her 98th year.

The jury in the case of Hertz, in Philadelphia, charged with enlisting recruits for the foreign legion, has brought in a verdict of guilty.

Charlotte Cushman, the eminent American *tragedienne*, is expected to return to Boston in a few months, to perform an engagement.

The supply of able seamen continues very small, and they are wanted to complete the crew lists of vessels now ready for sea.

For the first time in many years, Suffolk County jail has not a single person confined within its walls for debt.

The Brooklyn (L. I.) Reformed Dutch Church has raised $112,000 in four years for charitable and religious objects.

Leo L. Lloyd, a native African, lately lectured here on the civil and religious condition of his country.

The Portland, Me., churches have contributed $2173 07 for the sufferers at Norfolk and Portsmouth.

Brinton's new opera of "Rip Van Winkle" was lately produced at Niblo's, with great success.

A new machine is building at New York to be employed in the Hoosac tunnel.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. E. H. Bagnall, of Chelsea, to Miss Clara Weld Towne.
By Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mark Nowell, Esq., of North Berwick, Me., to Miss Maria Learned, of Cambridge.
By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Joseph Blair to Miss Martha M. Christopher.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Robert W. Durfee to Miss Susan A. Wheelock.
By Rev. Dr. Randall, Mr. E. Wilson to Miss Sarah E. Crowe.
By Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Elkanah S. Baker, of Dennis, to Mrs. Priscilla Gilmore.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Henry Pettis, of Bellingham, to Miss Harriet M. White, of Dorchester.
At Brookline, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, Henry F. Dana, Esq., of San Francisco, to Miss Mary H. Hosea.
At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Graves, Mr. Charles G. Prentice to Miss Sarah E. Arnold.
At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Lunt, Mr. Thomas B. Frothingham to Miss Anne P. Lunt.
At Newton Centre, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Irah D. Spaulding, of Boston, to Miss Betsey B. Coffin.
At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Nelson W. Hahn, of East Boston, to Miss Emily Trefethen, of Portsmouth.
At Randolph, by Rev. Mr. Corder, Mr. Frederick Shaen, of Cincinnati, O., to Miss Miss Mary H. Symonds.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Jeremiah Nelson to Miss Mary K. Kendrick.
At Newbury, by Rev. Dr. Withington, Mr. Hazen M. Adams to Miss Lucy A. Tidey.
At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Bradford, Mr. Albert G. Hyer to Miss Alice Lewis.

Deaths.

In this city, Miss Harriet Leonard, 20; Miss Mary Jane Burbeck, 19; Widow Mercy G. Hudson, 81; Mr. Augustus S. Hibbard, 18, Mr. Cornelius Connolly, 67.
At Charlestown, Mr. Joseph Carr, 60; Mr. William M. Robertson, 46.
At Roxbury, Mr. Samuel Sutton, 75.
At Cambridge, Miss Lydia Creech, 42; Mrs. Rowena D., wife of Mr. William Bates, 24, 26.
At Chelsea, Mr. Joseph Richardson, 58.
At Dorchester, Mrs. Emily H., wife of Mr. George W. King, of Chesterfield, 24.
At Malden, Mr. Andrew J. Nowe, 35.
At Milton, Mrs. Grace Gregory, 80.
At Beverly, Mrs. Edith, wife of Mr. Asa T. Stickney, 62.
At Framingham, Widow Sally Boynton, 72.
At Oakland, Mr. Benjamin Frail, 69.
At Littleton, Widow Sally Pratt, formerly of Boston.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Esther S. Chase, 66.
At New Bedford, Mr. Barnabas S. Perkins, 62; Mr. Arnold Parkham, 69.
At New Braintree, Mrs. Mary N., wife of Josiah P. Gleason, Esq., 32.
At Raynham, Miss Eunice Belcher, formerly of Boston, 80.
At Upton, Mr. Lewis Low, 54.
At West Boylston, Mrs. Benjamin Flagg, 58.
At Paxton, Mrs. Lucy F., wife of Mr. W. W. Partridge.
At Lancaster, Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes, wife of Mr. David Stuart.
At Dorchester, Mrs. Mabel White, 68.
At Duxbury, Mrs. Sarah Crocker, 57.
At Lansingburgh, N. Y., Peter, son of Mr. Peter and Mrs. Jane Black.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO THE LOST ONE.

BY AGLAUS FORLESTER.

My heart is sad, sad, sad!
I'm thinking of the lost one, dear,
Who was in virtue's raiment clad;
But O, as trickles down my cheek a tear,
And I reflect that she is lost—
"Floating on the wild sea drear—"
By the raging tempests tossed.
I feel 'tis more than I can bear!

Lost one, I mourn for thee;
Thy heart's sweet chords are touched no more
Save by the wild winds that hurriedly
Are sweeping its gentle murmurings o'er,
No pilot on thy sea doth sail—
There's none to point thee to the road
Where thy bark can safely ride the gale
That fiercely blows "along the world."

Lost one, I mourn for thee!
O, by the faded tints of even,
By that love whose melody
Bursts like the seraph sounds of heaven;
And by the pale and withered flowers,
Whose perfume we in vain deplore;
The faded tints of by-gone hours
Give back—thy fair, lost name restore!

The summer flowers are drooped and dead,
Their sweet perfume is recklessly
Forth on the storm-spirit's plaious shed;
And all their sweetness born to die;
And faded all that lovelinees
From their once brilliant leaves,—but O,
Come back—the nephyr's soft caress
Again shall bid their blushes glow!

Lost one, wildly I weep
For the frailty of one so fair,
And while life thy existence doth keep,
Thou shalt have my earnest prayer,
That the Lord will pity take
On the one for whose sins I grieve,
And that he'll not bar soul forsake,
But prepare it for heaven to receive!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ERNEST HUDSON:

—OR,—

THE FATHER AND SON.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"I was told that you wish to speak with me, father."

The words were uttered hesitatingly, and the speaker, a boy of fifteen years, looked anxiously at the stern, grave man he addressed, whose keen, gray eyes were bent steadfastly upon him, though he gave no other token of being aware of his presence. The boy's eyes fell beneath that searching gaze, and after standing a while in awkward silence, he ventured to repeat his previous words in tone of inquiry.

"I hear you, sir," was the harsh-toned reply. "I was but contrasting the ready obedience you affect in trifles, with your utter disregard of my wishes in things of moment."

Still that relentless gaze was fixed upon the youth, whose large, dark eyes, raised with a glance of troubled inquiry, drooped again, as he murmured:

"Dear father, I hope I am always ready to obey you—"

"As your drawing lessons evince, eh?" interrupted the same stern voice.

The boy's face was instantly suffused with a painful blush; but he spoke not.

"Or perhaps you will deny that you have been thus engaged?"

The dark eyes were lifted now with an unfaltering steadiness, as the boy, in a firm, but respectful tone, replied:

"No, sir. You have taught me never to stoop to a falsehood, and I shall not now forget your teachings. I *have* taken some lessons in drawing and painting from Professor Alden; but I did not suppose that you would object to my passing my leisure hours in this way, since it has not caused me to neglect any duty at home or at school."

"Your conduct has no doubt been exemplary in your own estimation," replied the father, sarcastically; "but as you seem to have misunderstood my wishes in this matter, I will take the trouble of reiterating them for the *last time*. It is my positive command that you henceforth spend no more time in this idle pursuit; whether by way of lesson, practice, or amusement. Now, sir, am I understood?"

"Yes, sir," was the low, sad-toned reply.

"Very well. Now for another matter. Just one year ago I wished you to commence learning the upholstery business at my establishment. You plead for another year's schooling; I yielded; the year has expired, and I now repeat my desire, which you need not attempt again to set aside. Yesterday I ascertained that one of my friends, in the same business, is in want of an apprentice. I give you your choice, whether to learn with him or with me."

The boy had stood silently listening to these words, as they fell upon his ear in the measured tone that speaks the iron spirit within, silently, though with check growing every moment paler, and the tall, slight form leaning heavily against the table by which he stood, seemed bending beneath the weight that was falling on his warm, young heart. He looked up as his father ceased. There was a touching mournfulness in those deep, earnest eyes that it would seem none could have resisted; but it awoke no softened or relenting feeling in that stern man.

"I await your answer," was his response to that pleading glance.

"O, my father, you know how utterly repugnant to me is this project!" murmured the youth; and then the sobs he could no longer keep back forbade further words.

"I did not desire your opinion of the matter, sir," rejoined his father, sharply. "I might, indeed, have expected that it would have been opposed to mine; but I will not compel your obedience in this matter. I have plainly told you my views; you have the alternative of complying with them, or of leaving this house—*forever*. You can take this morning to deliberate. If you decide to remain with me, well; if not, in the interim, prepare to leave a house which will no longer be your home, even for a single day. Not a word!" he continued, imperiously waving his hand toward the door; "not a word; after dinner I shall listen to your decision."

The bright morning sunbeams were shining cheerily through the open windows of that pleasant house, as Ernest Hudson ascended to his chamber; but the brightness and beauty, and the balmy spring breeze that swept by, lifting his bright hair, and playing lovingly around his heated forehead, for the first time failed to awaken a thrill of admiration or pleasure in his darkened spirit. Throwing himself wearily into a seat, he looked around with that longing gaze we are wont to bestow on familiar objects, which we feel will meet our eyes no more; and the youth knew that this was his case, for, feeling his utter inability to acquiesce in his father's plan, he felt, too, that he might better attempt to turn the mountain torrent from its course than hope to change that iron will, strengthened no doubt, in this instance, by a conviction that he was consulting his son's future interests, no less than his own aims.

It was a favorite theory with Mr. Hudson, that one half of the misery and distress that came under his notice, was occasioned by the almost universal desire of youths to become professional men, which, being weakly fostered by injudicious parents, caused them to turn with disgust from mercantile or mechanical pursuits, in which was a wide field for enterprise and energy to reap a plentiful harvest. On this occasion, he formed what he deemed a wise plan for his son's guidance, not considering that he, gifted with the exquisite organization and delicate sensitiveness of genius, shrank with dismay from the course so arbitrarily pointed out.

The extraordinary talent for painting that had early developed itself in Ernest, his father had labored strenuously to smother, ever denying him the privilege of joining the drawing class in his school, under Professor Alden; but that gentleman, happening to see some productions of the boy's untutored pencil, generously afforded him an occasional hour's instruction when opportunity offered, and was richly repaid by the progress made by his docile and industrious pupil. The latter at length tested his powers on a small landscape of his own design, which he submitted to his instructor, who, while he faithfully pointed out the few minor defects he observed, felt fully justified in advising him to devote himself to the cultivation of the bright gift he possessed. While his ardent imagination was indulging the beautiful dreams thus excited, Mr. Hudson discovered his secret labors, and determined on the immediate adoption of his long cherished plan. Understanding, though but partly, the clinging, affectionate disposition of the youth, he had no doubt that he would consent, however reluctantly, to abandon his favorite pursuit. But in this he was mistaken.

Ernest felt that he could not apply with any prospect of success to his father's business; he asked himself if it was right to throw away precious years on learning a business which on attaining his majority would certainly be abandoned; and his decision was soon made. It was hard to leave his home under the cloud of his father's anger; harder still to stifle the sweet inward voice that spoke so thrillingly to his young spirit; so, without much deliberation, though with many bitter tears, he made preparations for his exile.

Sadly he thought of his mother while thus occupied, that loved one who had for years slept "the last quiet sleep," but whose fond praises of the early attempts of his pencil, which she had delighted to inspect, were treasured sacredly in the loving bosom of her child. Long ago, another had taken her position in the household, another claimed her place in the affection of its master; but that young heart was faithful to the memory of a *mother in the grave*—upon her place in his heart no stranger might ever intrude; though, ever gentle and forbearing with all, he cherished no unamiable feelings towards his step-mother, who, on her part, was seldom deficient in kindness to the boy, upon whom, indeed, no eye dwelt coldly, save his own parent's.

When the dinner (at which he was not present) was over, Ernest, with a beating heart, descended to the parlor, where Mr. Hudson was walking slowly and majestically to and fro. On seeing his son approaching, he sat down by the centre-table, awaiting his communication with an air of extreme indifference. The youth, after vainly waiting for a look or word of encouragement, forced himself to say:

"I have come, dear father, to bid you farewell, if it must be so. But O, my father! my father—"

"This, then, is your choice?" interrupted the father, his voice betraying no emotion. "You will not accede to my wishes—it is well."

"Alas! I cannot—I cannot!" sobbed the distressed boy. "Father, forgive me this one act of disobedience."

"Never! But go! go! I want no more words from you, ungrateful boy! Go!"

With a contemptuous exclamation, the angry parent flung back the hand timidly extended, and the boy, slowly and sadly, retired. Ere he reached the door, his steps were arrested by his father's voice.

"Worthless as you are, and though I no longer consider you as my son, I do not wish you either to beg or steal at the beginning of your career, whatever may be its termination;" and he threw a few pieces of gold towards his son.

A haughty gleam shot to the tearful eyes—the tremulous lips curled slightly at the taunting words.

"Thanks for your kind consideration, sir; but preferable were even the bitter means of living first suggested, to bounty thus offered;" and he turned proudly, scornfully away.

In a moment, however, his better nature triumphed over the momentary impulse of outraged feeling. Turning back, he picked up the coins, and laying them respectfully on the table, near his parent, left the room. Presently he re-appeared, following the porter, who was carrying his trunk. He paused as he was passing the parlor, and looked wishfully to his father, who sat as he had left him, apparently absorbed in a book. The boy's heart rebelled again. How could he go forth without one kind word, one parting embrace from the parent whom, with all his sternness, he had loved so tenderly? Never, since his early childhood, had he felt a father's arms folded around him, a father's lips pressed lovingly to his own. How he longed to throw himself into his father's arms, to weep away the gloom and despair that seemed surrounding him, even though he should abandon his darling scheme, rather than give him pain. While he stood thus, irresolute, Mr. Hudson, perhaps feeling that those eyes were fixed sorrowfully upon him, looked up with that same cold, hard, unrelenting expression, as wilfully misinterpreting the pleading, wistful gaze, he said, tauntingly:

"Are you waiting for the money, now? But I never repeat an offer once scorned."

The boy did not wait to hear more, but with a spirit steeled again to softer feelings, passed rapidly through the hall. As he was closing the door, his step-mother followed him. He had forgotten her in the melancholy absorption of his thoughts, but now warmly grasped her proffered hand.

"So you *are* going, Ernest!" she said, in a tone of mingled sorrow and reproach. "It is hard for your father to be thus treated by his only child; but I hope you will not have cause to repent your obstinacy. Good-by."

And thus the gifted, warm-hearted, affectionate boy went forth an alien from a father's house and love.

To the town of B——, where dwelt the eldest brother of his deceased mother, Ernest's course was directed. "The iron horse" bore him swiftly over the many intervening miles, and just as the sun was setting he reached his uncle's house, which was beautifully situated at the entrance of the thriving young town. As he opened the garden gate, he could see the table laid out on the wide porch in the rear of the house, and his uncle and aunt about sitting down to the evening meal. The former, hearing his gate open, went forward to meet his nephew with a welcome that was as a reviving cordial to his sinking spirits; then throwing his arms caressingly around him, led him to his aunt, calling out as they approached her:

"This is a pleasant surprise, mother. I'll wager you did not expect a guest to supper."

"Not so dear and welcome a one, indeed," replied the lady, a kindly smile breaking over her benevolent face, as she warmly greeted the unexpected visitor.

Both were surprised when the first excitement of the meeting had passed, to observe how wan and languid the youth appeared; as well he might, having eaten nothing since early morning, and the mental conflict he had endured since then could not but affect his slight, delicate frame. Mr. Bland at once proposed that he should go to his room and refresh and rest himself before supper; but his more observant wife, laying her hand on the boy's arm, as he was following his uncle, said, gently:

"One moment, my child; there is something on your mind that affects you more than fatigue. Let us know at once what it is, and perhaps you will feel more at ease.

When, in a few sorrowful words, Ernest informed them of his banishment and its cause, a glow of indignation ruffled the placid features of Mr. Bland, but it passed instantly, and drawing his nephew within his encircling arms, he tenderly kissed his burning brow and quivering lips, as he spoke a few broken words of encouraging sympathy.

"Nay, do not grieve so sadly, my own dear boy!" he added, soothingly, as the youth, overcome by the sudden revulsion of smothered feeling, sobbed wildly on his bosom. "Cheer up, Ernest, you shall be *our child* now; and some of these days your father will see things differently."

"Were it not that Ernest is so distressed, I would rejoice that something occurred to bring him to us," said Mrs. Bland, in her kind, friendly voice. "We are very lonely here sometimes, dear Earnest—only two old people together. You will bring joy to our quiet home, I am sure."

How gratefully did the drooping spirit respond to this ready kindness; nor was it long ere, stimulated by the desire to repay it, he succeeded in regaining, in part, his natural cheerfulness, and was able to participate in the table-chat his aunt, with woman's tact, introduced.

"And now, my boy," said his uncle, as they sat in the pleasant parlor, lighted only by the silvery moonbeams, "tell us your plans?—or have you formed any?"

"I have thought, sir," he replied, modestly, "that I might be of service to you about the farm. If not, perhaps I could obtain a situation of some kind, I care not what, so that I could pay my board, and have some little time to devote to painting."

"Don't speak of paying for your board in this house, Ernest," said Mr. Bland, kindly, but gravely. "I think I can propose a better plan than yours. The scenery about B—— is really beautiful. Walk and ride about as much as you please for inspiration, apply yourself to your easel whenever you feel inclined, and become a great artist as soon as you can. This is my plan, but I see mother has some objections to it," looking pleasantly at his wife.

"Only in one respect, my dear. Would it not be better for Ernest's health to spend a short time on the farm every day, as he himself proposed, than to devote himself altogether to one pursuit?,'

"I doubt not you are right," replied Mr. Bland; "and as I will be with him, I can take care that he does not over-exert himself. Besides, the trifle he can thus earn will be as useful to him in one way as the wholesome exercise in another."

"Now, Ernest, we must not make any further objections to your uncle's plan," said his aunt, quickly, seeing him color at the mention of money. "You will have need of pocket-money sometimes; and if not at present, you will want as much as you can get by-and-by, for I know that some day you will be thinking of Italy."

"You see your aunt is one of the prudent folks," said Mr. Bland, gaily, "always providing for contingencies and emergencies."

Warmly would the grateful boy have expressed the feelings that were surcharging his bosom, but the kind old couple smilingly interrupted him by bidding him "good night," so that he might take the long rest of which he stood in need. With a lightened heart, he sought the couch on which he had so often enjoyed the calm sleep of childhood. How familiar seemed the neat, little apartment! How vividly came back to his mind the nights he had spent there with his idolized mother; nor was it with less of childlike love and confidence than there, though with deeper awe that he now knelt to offer his grateful thanks to the Father in heaven, who had so graciously provided for him when harshly cast off by his earthly parent.

Mr. Bland had formerly been a merchant of B——, but on realizing what, to his moderate views, seemed a competency, had retired from business, finding sufficient occupation and amusement in cultivating the few acres belonging to his neat cottage. Here he and his amiable wife dwelt in peaceful tranquillity. All their children had passed from earth in infancy, save the eldest daughter, who was now married, and at a distance; so that, save for the house-maid and farm hand, they lived entirely alone.

It was truly like a gleam of sunshine after long continued clouds, the presence of the bright, intelligent boy, with his thoughtful affection and graceful mirthfulness, in that quiet spot. Every day served to endear him more to his generous relatives, who, while sorrowing at the thought of ever parting with him, yet unselfishly wished for a reconciliation between him and his parent, for which they knew he was secretly longing. But of this there was no prospect. Ernest, by his uncle's desire, wrote to his father; but the next day the letter came back, unopened, in an envelope directed to Mr. Bland.

Pained and almost disheartened by this unmerited treatment, the youth entered on his new mode of life, which, save for this, had been one of unmingled enjoyment. This cheerful labor on the miniature farm, which his uncle took care should not be too arduous or long continued, soon had a beneficial effect upon his system; the never-wearying affection lavished upon him gave a new brightness to his young life; while in his explorations around B——, he continually found something to enkindle anew his enthusiastic love of nature, and afford delightful practice in his cherished art. Thus passed three years; the fourth opened for him a new era.

The fame of Daguerre's discovery had reached B——, and produced quite an excitement—the desire to possess one of the wonderful "sun pictures" being almost general. Mr. Bland advised his nephew to go to his native city to procure instruction in the art from a superior daguerreotypist, who had established himself there. It opened to him a prospect of increasing the little store he was carefully hoarding up for travelling at some future time; and he was easily induced to go.

With a heart agitated by conflicting emotions, he traversed the streets once so familiar, wondering whether he should go to his father's store, when he suddenly encountered that gentleman in conversation with two or three acquaintances. One of them recognized Ernest, who had involuntarily paused, and greeted him cordially, to which he meanwhile responded, his attention being fixed on his father, who, having glanced around, turned carelessly away, and, with unaltered voice, continued the conversation. Ernest passed on. He could not now go to see his stepmother; neither would he seek any of his boyhood's friends, save Professor Alden; but as speedily as possible, achieved the object of his visit, and with a feeling of relief that he would soon be far from the place he now loathed, started for the railway station. It was early in the morning, and very few had met him as he hurried along, when, as he reached a corner, Mr. Hudson, with his usual slow, stately step turned into the street. With an irresistible impulse the boy bounded toward him; the words, "O, father! wont you speak to me?" came forth in eager, imploring accents; but with Indian stoicism, the stern man slowly pursued his way.

The youth looked after him as he walked so composedly along, then hastened forward again, murmuring, "Repulsed in every way; but it shall be the last time!" Yet, while summoning pride to his aid, and even protesting with a violent vehemence that startled his good uncle and aunt, that he did not care, knowing that he had not merited such treatment, hot, blinding tears were in his eyes, and he felt that he *did* care; for his heart was not a heart to cast off Nature's ties without bleeding in the struggle.

Little time, however, had he for the indulgence of harassing reflections; for the fame of his daguerreotypes soon spread; they were admired by many, as well for the softness of their finish as for the accuracy of likeness, and his time was fully occupied at the camera, more profitably, if less pleasantly, than at his easel. With the rest, came a lady and gentleman, leading a little girl, a perfect fairy for beauty, grace and sprightliness. They had long desired to have a portrait of the little sprite, who was the orphan child of their only daughter; but vain had been all their attempts to restrain her restlessness during the tedious sittings, and they had been constrained to give up the attempt. But on seeing some of Ernest's daguerreotypes, Mr. Walker's hope was again aroused by the idea of having her likeness thus taken, and transferred to canvas. The young artist readily concurred in the plan, and having excited the little one's curiosity about the camera, soon displayed to the enraptured grand-parents a perfect representation of their idol, in the most bewitching phase of her striking loveliness.

To reproduce this on canvas was a pleasant task for his leisure hours, and Mr. Walker soon hailed with delight the completion of the portrait, which, in its truthfulness and exquisite coloring, was worthy of the beauty it portrayed. Proud as the grand parents were of the matchless portrait, it was destined to possess a more sacred, yet mournful estimation. Not long after it was sent home, the darling original was attacked by the croup, and in a few brief hours the fond recollections of bereaved love and the pictured semblance on the wall, alone remained to them of the little one who had been the beauty, and light, and joy of that now darkened home.

Grateful to the gifted one, by whose genius the features of their lost angel still smiled in almost living beauty before them, they conceived a deep and lasting attachment to him. Especially did Mr. Walker, when the first poignancy of bereavement had yielded to a chastened sorrow, love to spend hours with the youth who, with an artist's pure, enthusiastic love of the beautiful, had admired the little Ada, and whose kindly nature ever prompted him to listen with gratifying sympathy to the trifling though precious reminiscences of the departed, which there is a mournful pleasure in calling from the storehouse of memory. Naturally, too, Mr. Walker began to take a deeper interest in the success of his young friend; and as he was a man of high standing and influence, the youth soon became aware of the good results of his admiration and friendly regard.

One day he came accompanied by a gentleman, who was about becoming a resident of B——, very wealthy, and a liberal patron of native art, who, struck with admiration of young Hudson's genius, purchased several paintings, and ordered a large summer landscape, the design of which he left entirely to himself, not even wishing to see it until completed. Ernest, who perceived that the stranger's taste closely resembled his own, joyfully set about the welcome task. Patiently, day by day, he wrought on, never wearying of adding a few "finishing touches," while his admiring relatives good-humoredly bantered him on his fastidiousness.

But it was done at last; and the most rigid censor might have pardoned the glow of conscious pride that lighted up his fine face as he gazed upon it. It was a simple design; but its very simplicity, harmonizing with the truthful, delicate delineation, gave it a peculiar charm. In the background, the dense foliage of dark forest trees rose up proudly to the light, fleecy clouds; a silvery thread winding between the huge trunks, widened into a streamlet in front, with a band of joyous little children casting pebbles into its crystal depth, their little bare feet bathed by the pure liquid as the pebbles broke its glassy surface into a thousand glistening wavelets. A few water-lilies bent their graceful heads above the stream, and farther on, a thick growth of blackberry bushes, with the ripe, shining fruit hanging in tempting clusters, completed the picture. It was one to call up in the beholder's mind sweet thoughts of forest haunts and memories of careless childhood's days; and Ernest smilingly anticipated the pleasure it would give his generous patron, whose arrival he was eagerly expecting.

The entrance of Mr. Bland disturbed his pleasant reverie. An exclamation of delight broke from him as he saw the picture gleaming out from the favorable position it now occupied, and the heart of that young and gifted one throbbed with a purer rapture as he saw the mild eyes that ever turned fondly on him, now radiant with pleasure. With the childlike artlessness of his nature, he threw himself into his uncle's arms, laying his head upon his shoulder to hide the ecstatic emotions that were swelling his artist's heart.

"Why, what is this?—vanity, eh?" said the kind old man, with a smile, raising up the beaming face, now suffused with ingenuous blushes; "but I must not chide you," he added, still gazing on the painting with fresh delight.

"But what is this, uncle?—a letter for me?" exclaimed the young man, suddenly noticing an open letter in his uncle's hand.

Mr. Bland looked down gloomily at the letter, till then forgotten.

"Does it concern me?" whispered Ernest again, with undefinable emotion.

"It does, indeed, my boy; but I grieve to cloud the well earned, innocent joy of this hour, with the tidings it brings. 'Tis from a friend of mine in—"

With a cheek blanched with strange forebodings, Ernest took the letter. It told of the total failure of Mr. Hudson, and expressed the writer's apprehension that the sale of all his effects would not cover his liabilities, in which case he would, under the barbarous system then prevailing, be imprisoned for the remainder.

"And what is to be done now, my dear Ernest?" asked Mr. Bland, as he sat down beside him, deeply commiserating the anguish depicted on the lately joyous countenance.

"I can scarcely tell, dear uncle; do you advise me. Perhaps the sum which your kindness has enabled me to lay by," and he raised his uncle's hand gratefully to his lips, "will be sufficient. Shall I go to ascertain the state of affairs, or would it not be better to send to a friend?"

"Why not go yourself, Ernest?"

The young man hesitated.

"I know you too well to suppose that you have any resentful feelings towards your unfortunate parent."

"O, no, no!" was the quick reply; "I have no feelings of resentment or ill will to my poor father; but will not he, perhaps, refuse to accept assistance from me?"

"I trust not, Ernest. I would rather hope that unfriended and sorely tried as he is now, 'twill be a balm to his wounded spirit to find his only child clinging to him in adversity, that your dutiful affection will touch his heart, and triumph over his long-cherished coldness. Make the effort, at least, my dear boy, and whatever may be the result, you will have the consolation of knowing that you have not failed in your duty. Send me word, also, as soon as possible, of the real state of affairs. I could not advance a large sum to help your father out of his difficulties, but that, happily, is not requisite; and I need not say that whatever assistance I can render, will be cheerfully given, on your account, if not his own."

The young man, though with many doubts of success in his generous errand, followed his uncle's advice, and the next morning set out for his native place. His first care was to learn

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from the creditors the amount of his father's indebtedness. His extensive stock had been sold out previously, and the ensuing day was to witness the sale of his household goods. Ernest, after a close and careful calculation, felt satisfied that this sale, with the means at his disposal, would fully cancel his father's debts.

Still dreading that his interference would be spurned, he called on two or three of his father's eldest associates, with the request that they would act as his agents in the matter; but they, either ashamed of not having proffered the slightest act of friendship, or afraid that by acceding to his proposal they would be looked to for making up any deficiency in his means, declined; and at last, with a deeper gush of sympathy for the parent, who seemed so utterly forsaken, he determined to seek an interview with him.

It was truly a deplorable condition to which Mr. Hudson was now reduced, in a city that, for many years, had been the scene of his prosperity. Always cold, selfish, and repulsive in his course with his fellow-men, he had many acquaintances, but not one friend. Some time previous to his failure, his wife had died, and unwilling to leave the house which had so long been his home, he had rented it and its furniture to a widow lady, who proposed taking a few boarders; but being unsuccessful in her project, she had soon removed, so that now he was entirely alone in his dwelling, save for the presence of a servant, and the man whom his creditors had appointed to guard it until the time of sale. His stern pride, so far unbent under the anticipated horrors of a jail as to induce him to send to several of his acquaintances for the trifling aid that would relieve his embarrassments; but his applications were vain, and at length, as the night drew near, the last night he would spend in his old home, he threw himself despairingly on a lounge in his apartment, closing his eyes wearily as if he would fain open them no more. All day he had dwelt with self-torturing pertinacity on his sad state—a prisoner in his own house—to leave it on the morrow for a debtor's cell—now the excitement that had long sustained him was over, the turmoil of passion and anger had ceased—he felt a decrepitude and feebleness as of premature old age, through his exhausted frame. The apathy of despair settled down upon his tortured spirit, and tears, unwonted guests to those eyes, dimmed their starry brightness. Did he think at that lonely hour of the bright, noble boy he had thrust from his presence, harshly checking his affectionate pleadings, his only crime the beautiful talent God had entrusted to his keeping? It might have been, for he gazed long and sadly around the gloomy apartment, now darkened by the shade of gathering twilight, as if seeking fully to realize his desolation, and deep drawn sighs broke from his sorrow-burdened heart.

The door was gently opened—a person in the pride and vigor of opening manhood crossed the threshold, then paused an instant, as if waiting for some token of recognition. The eyes of the weary occupant were turned full upon the intruder—no glance of welcome or of pleased surprise beamed from them; but with an uncontrollable impulse, the young man suddenly sprang forward, and throwing himself beside the lounge, tears of filial devotion bedewed his manly face, and fell upon the cold hand that lay passive in his fevered clasp. The stern parent turned away his head—not now in scorn or anger, but with keen remorse.

"O, father! dear father!" pleaded the son, passionately, "do not repulse me now!—do not turn away from your only child!"

Mr. Hudson was visibly affected. Slowly he turned his gaze toward the suppliant, and laid his hand caressingly on the dark masses of waving hair that shaded the clear, open brow, while in subdued, half mournful accents, he said:

"You have not forgotten me, then, Ernest? You have not forsaken the parent who treated you so harshly?"

"O, speak not thus, I beseech you, my father; speak not thus!" was the quick reply; and hope sprang up in the youth's heart as he ventured to press his lips upon the furrowed brow, and was not repulsed.

It was a sad meeting, full of unpleasant memories to both; but after a time they became calmer, and, sitting side by side, their hands fondly locked, as if in fear of another separation, the two so sadly and unnaturally parted, conversed long and earnestly. It was a satisfaction to the afflicted man to pour out his long suppressed feelings, his story of misfortune and trial, to an interested and sympathising listener, while *he* had a purer, sweeter gratification in unfolding the purport of his visit, and assuring his father that on the morrow he would be released from his embarrassing situation, without incurring obligation, or leaving a shadow of dishonor on his name.

Mr. Hudson was for a time incredulous of his son's ability to perform what he so confidently, though with becoming modesty, promised. When at length assured on that point, his curiosity was excited to learn how Ernest, of whose proceedings he had kept himself in total ignorance during successive years, had become possessed of the sum which was now placed at his disposal. Ernest hesitated about the propriety of beginning a narration which could not but awaken many distressing recollections; but being again questioned, told the simple tale.

Mr. Hudson listened with lively interest. When his son had concluded, he looked fixedly at him in silence for some moments. At length he said, in a musing tone, but with an accent of unwonted kindness:

"And all the fruits of your patient toil—the hoarded savings of years—you have brought for my use, Ernest; can you, then, willingly make this sacrifice for me?"

The youth made no reply in words; but the bright smile and expression of devoted affection that glowed on his uplifted face, told how cheerfully the sacrifice—if he felt it such—was made.

The stern, cold man was conquered at last. "My son! my own noble boy!" burst in fervent accents from him, and Ernest Hudson was fondly clasped to the heart which, for the first time, throbbed with true paternal feelings. How the inmost heart of the youth thrilled at that fond tone—that loving embrace!

Despite the occasional intrusion of unwelcome thoughts, that was a happy night to both; and it was followed by a still happier morrow when, freed from his difficulties, Mr. Hudson was conducted by his son to the hospitable dwelling that had afforded him a pleasant home for years, and to which, for *his* sake, his father was cordially welcomed.

Time passed on, and the sweet flowers of love and kindliness that throw so pure and innocent a charm around the dreariest paths of life grew and flourished in the bosom of that ever stern, cold man. It was beautiful to see the love and confidence now subsisting between him and the son, whom he had so long bereft of his birthright—a parent's affection; the yearning tenderness with which he now clung to Ernest, the solicitude he constantly evinced for everything that could affect his comfort or pleasure, the emotion with which he now watched the unwearying labors of his son in the noble art he had formerly despised; beautiful to see how Ernest with lavish interest, repaid this love and care out of the depths of a heart that responded gratefully to the slightest manifestation of his father's attachment. His uncle and aunt rejoiced that the shadow which had so long darkened their favorite's horizon, was at length rifted; but they grieved when they thought of the deeper shadow that was lowering, for they knew that the holy bonds, daily growing tenderer and stronger between the two, would ere long be rudely broken.

Day by day, the symptoms of decline grew more manifest in Mr. Hudson; day by day he drooped more and more, and medical skill and the most devoted attention were powerless in all their efforts. The trial he had undergone, the harassing perplexities and mental throes, doubly terrible to his stern nature, had wrought the effect of years upon his system, and the premature aged man declined slowly and steadily toward the grave, which, in little more than a year after his removal to B——, received his remains.

His death was happier than his life had been. Cheered by the most unremitting affection, supported by the consolations of religion—which, at the eleventh hour, he humbly and penitently sought—he breathed his last in the arms of Ernest, turning his dimming eyes with a last effort on his anguished face, and leaving him the most precious boon of earth—a parent's blessing—to soften the agony of filial sorrow, to be a beacon, a safeguard, and a consolation in the varying scenes of after times.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character occurred a short time since in one of the flourishing towns of the midland counties. A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the third day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained, it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him, that the body should be unshrouded, and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She, with the assistance of the attendant, took off the shroud, and placed the body in a requisite posture; but other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon. About twelve o'clock, at the foot of the bed, the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on this image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion, the head of the death-like figure fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it, when, lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face, "the dead" inquired, "Who are you?" The young "professional," without trepidation, took the bandage from the head, and rebind his neck. He immediately saw the shroud, and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined, but cannot be described. That evening he, who had laid three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mother and sisters with agonizing tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at the tea-table, and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.—*Bedford (Eng.) Times.*

A MODEL MAYOR.

Sometimes it is the misfortune of a city to have an ass for mayor. Such was the case about twenty five years ago, with a certain city, which it would be impolitic, not to say impolite, for us to name in this connection. He was so ignorant that the wags sent a book-peddler to him, with English grammars, immediately after his election; and when he declared he had no use for the books, the peddler said:

"Everybody tells me you must have it, and study it, too."

He came into office, and took his chair in stately dignity. In a few minutes the clerk laid before him a paper, which the mayor was requested to endorse as one that had passed under his eye. The clerk remarked:

"It is only necessary that you write your initials upon it."

"My *nishals*!" said the mayor; "what's my *nishals*?"

Now it so happened that P was the first letter of both the mayor's names, and the clerk very innocently replied:

"O, sir, merely write two P's upon the back of this paper."

His honor, the mayor, took a quill in his trembling hand, and, with the perspiration on his brow, wrote "TOO PEZE," and the document is now on file in the office unto this day!

His orthography was quite on a par with the Western man who had some cedar logs to sell, and put up a sign in his lot on which was inscribed, "ZETER TREZE."—*Buffalo Emporium.*

HALLUCINATION OF GREAT MEN.

Spinello, who had painted the "Fall of the Angels," thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination that he destroyed himself. An artist, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Malipe, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lively visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself, on horseback, dressed in a light colored coat, riding towards him.—*Historical Anecdotes.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BUSY WITH THE GRAIN.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The reapers are busy with the grain
ANNA M. BATES'S LETTER.

Are the reapers busy, Anna, with the golden grain?
Hearest thou the music that goeth with the wain,
Floating on the balmy air, a soft, melodious strain?

Are the nodding crests, Anna, falling to the ground?
Severed in their beauty and scattered all around?
Lying as in serried ranks, all ready to be bound?

Are the reapers busy, Anna, all the autumn day?
Are the sickles flashing in the bright sun's burnished ray?
And all the little children playing in the new-mown hay?

There's another reaper, Anna, reaping other grain;
There is other music that floats across the plain,
Wearily and dreamily, a sad and solemn strain.

There are other crests, Anna, than the nodding wheat,
Falling in their beauty at the destroyer's feet,—
Whose name well I wist, yet hardly dare repeat.

Stays he not for beauty, Anna, stays he not for youth;
Stays he not for honor, and stays he not for truth;
Young and old are mated a measure of his ruth.

Busy with the grain, Anna, busy evermore;
Growing stern with duty as walks he on life's shore,
Slaying those who love us and those we most deplore.

And this stern-faced reaper, Anna, in the "by-and-by,"
At the time appointed, shall come for you and I—
Pray that he may take us to homes above the sky.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FIFTY BOUQUETS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

I WAS present at the first masked ball of the opera, with a young man, whom I shall call Bussy, a tall and handsome youth, rich, witty and distinguished, whose principal occupation is to please the ladies, and who has had the good fortune to succeed in this. It is useless to say that Bussy had come to this ball in search of adventures, and only waited an opportunity to quit my arm for that of the first domino who should accost him.

He had waited a long time, and I was predicting that he would continue to wait, when an unexpected incident suddenly occurred.

"Good evening, Charles," said a musical voice, at the moment we were leaving the lobby for the saloon.

Charles, for that was indeed his name, turned like Romeo at the call of Juliet. He perceived an elegant rose domino, whose folds concealed a charming form, and from whose sleeves peeped out two little hands, coquettishly imprisoned in black mitts. The face was of corresponding beauty, as nearly as could be ascertained through the mask, and my young friend evidently thought so, judging from his impatience to leave me.

"Wait for me, I entreat!" said he to me; and he ran after the rose domino, without pausing for a reply. I saw them meet smilingly, and promenade arm in arm through the lobby. Three times they passed me in close conversation, and I judged it was interesting only by the gestures of Bussy, who entreated me to be patient. I said to myself that friendship ought to be less selfish than love, and curiosity, besides, induced me to remain. After having promenaded for an hour, Charles at last left the rose domino to return to me, with smiling face and triumphant step.

"Tell us your adventure," said I.

"This is it, my dear," replied he, with a solemn gesture. "In the first place, this woman knows me and I do not know her. She is an original, full of sprightliness and coquetry; in a word, the most delightful and most provoking sprite in the world. I accosted her, as you saw, and the following dialogue took place:

"'It seems you know my name. Are you as well acquainted with my person and my history?'

"'Your person? That would be saying too much. As for your history, I know something of it, and I can relate to you an adventure of which you were the hero last week.'

"'Indeed! Let us hear it.'

"'A young man disputed with you the hand of a lady for a country dance, which she had promised you, and you bravely fought the offending cavalier, who confessed his fault the next morning, at Vincennes.'

"'That is indeed correct; but when did this affair commence?'

"'At the last *concert dansant* of Madame de R.'

"'You must, then, have been at this concert?'

"'I was not.'

"'You are then a friend of the lady who was the occasion of this quarrel?'

"'I am not her friend.'

"'You are perhaps herself?'

"'I am not.'

"'Who are you, then?'

"'Guess.'

"'You are a charming woman, assuredly. On what condition will you show me your face?'

"'When I am sure that it will please you.'

"'You desire, then, to please?'

"'Every one desires that!'

"'Then you may be satisfied; for I love you without knowing you, and you may rely upon it, I shall think you pretty.'

"'Prove it.'

"'How?'

"'By telling me what idea you have formed of my face.'

"'Will you afterwards allow me to see it?'

"'If your idea is correct.'

"'Well, your face is as elegant as your form, as delicate as your foot, as soft as your hand, as sprightly as your wit.'"

"*Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera!*" said I to Bussy, interrupting him again. "Your story is like all others, my dear; and unless the end redeems the beginning—"

"I am coming to that; she has appointed a rendezvous."

"O! O!" said I, with surprise; "this is indeed a result! And when is this interview, if I may ask?"

"In five days."

"At what place?"

"Here, at the next ball."

"At the next ball!" repeated I, shaking my head with a skeptical air. And I thought involuntarily of those *Pierrettes* and *Suissesses* of the fetes of Musard, stationed to accost the notaries' clerks and to enter them at the next ball.

I dared not communicate these injurious suspicions to my friend, and only asked him by what token he was to recognise his mysterious incognita.

"By a token of her own invention," replied he; "a token as distinguished as charming, and which will suffice to give an idea of her whole person. On the morning of the day fixed for the next ball, I am to go and order of Mademoiselle X***, the flower-merchant in the Rue Vivienne, a bouquet, which is to be arranged, in my presence, in such a manner as to be noticed among a thousand. My incognita will send for the bouquet during the day, and will carry it in the evening to the ball, where I shall recognize her by it."

"That is in very good taste," said I, immediately laying aside my suspicions. And I frankly confessed to my friend that his conquest had begun to win my esteem.

The next day, at noon, Bussy called upon me. His face plainly announced that he had spent in reflection the time I had spent in sleep. He gravely drew a paper from his pocket, and assured me that he was on the verge of a discovery.

"How so?" I asked.

"Here is a list," said he, "of all the ladies who were at the concert of Madame de R. My rose domino must necessarily be one of these ladies, and I have strong reasons for thinking it the Baroness de B."

Knowing Madame de B. for a coquette, I replied to Charles that there was nothing improbable in his supposition, and this was enough to convince him that it was correct.

The day of the second opera ball arrived; Bussy went early in the morning to the shop of the flower-merchant in the Rue Vivienne. He ordered a magnificent bouquet, in the middle of which he caused to be placed a large flower, easy to recognize, announcing that it would be sent for by a person whom he would not name, and threw a Napoleon on the counter of the young *marchande*, who smilingly promised to fulfil his commission. In fact, when, at evening, he passed the shop on his way to the ball, she told him that the bouquet had been sent for, and that she had delivered it according to his orders.

Charles hastened to the opera, his heart palpitating, his head on fire, and re-appeared on the following day in my room, again with his list in his hand.

"I was mistaken, my dear," said he, "I confess; it was not the Baroness de B."

"Who was it then?"

"It can be only the Countess d'O."

"How! It can only be! You have then got no farther than suppositions?"

"No, my friend."

"Did she, then, break her appointment for last evening?"

"She was there. I recognized her, on her entrance, by the bouquet which I had ordered in the morning, and passed an hour with her, more and more intoxicated with her charms."

"Without learning her name or seeing her face?"

"Without seeing her face or learning her name! She listened favorably to all the protestations of my love, all the entreaties of my impatience; but doubts of my frankness seemed to restrain her. In short, she requested a new delay, and accepted a second rendezvous for the day after to-morrow."

"Again at the masked ball?"

"No time at the ball of the Opera Comique. I am to recognise her by the same method as last evening."

"But what makes you think it is a countess, instead of a baroness, as you thought the other day?"

"The distinction of her mind and of her manners, my friend! I know only the Countess d'O. who will compare with her."

"The Countess d'O. be it!" said I, smilingly, to Charles Bussy; "but try to be more fortunate at the Opera Comique, and to get a glimpse of her face, at least."

"O, I promise you I will!" exclaimed he; "for I am enamored of her to madness."

It was as he had said, and he needed his chivalric passion to prevent being discouraged.

Twice more did the incognita repeat the trial; twice more was he thrown back into the field of conjecture. The pretty mask trembled on the arm of her cavalier; she demanded, in a voice of emotion, a respite of a few days longer! And more and more enthusiastic after each interview, Charles at last dreamed of a marchioness or duchess.

Finally, under pretext that a week was not sufficient to ensure the solidity of a passion, he was referred to the ball of the Carnival, and the ancient theatre of La Revaissance was, in its turn, chosen for a final rendezvous.

"The Carnival and La Revaissance let it be!" exclaimed Bussy, too far advanced to recede; "I will see the end of this adventure, or I will lose my name!"

I let him have his way, unable longer to control him, and as impatient as himself for the *denouement*.

After three weeks of anxious expectation, on the morning of the decisive day Charles went to order his fifth bouquet of Mademoiselle X***, who could not help laughing, as she recognized him.

The incognita sent for this bouquet, as she had for the others, and appeared at the place of rendezvous with her usual punctuality. She congratulated Bussy on his constancy, and was more fascinating than ever. Resolved, on his part, to secure the object of his efforts, a sight of her features, Charles became still more exacting.

"Look at me, then, sir!" said she, accompanying him to a stage-box. And she had already laid her hand on her mask, while the young man's heart beat quickly, when a new scruple stopped her short, and threw Bussy from heaven to earth.

"If you should not think me pretty!" resumed she, in a trembling and agitated voice. "What a disenchantment for you and what a misfortune for me!" Then, after a moment of silence and reflection: "Listen," added she, hastily, as if struck by a luminous idea, "I do not wish to prolong the trial which you have endured with so much courage; but we can soften the disappointment of both. Be at the Opera Comique on the approaching Monday; I will be there, at the commencement of the play, in the last stall in the right gallery; I will wear a black dress and a white bonnet, with a bouquet like the one I have this evening. You can look at me from the opposite gallery at your ease and at your leisure; if I am what you have believed me to be, you will come and join me; if not, you can remain in your place, as I at mine, and all will be at an end between us, without our blushing in the presence of each other."

Charles was obliged to consent to this proposition, though he saw in it only a refinement of coquetry, and consoled himself for waiting a last time by the habit he had contracted of doing so.

"If," said the incognita, carelessly, as she left him, "by any accident I could not be at the Opera Comique on the approaching Monday, I will certainly be there the Monday after, or the third Monday, at farthest; but I hope," added she, with an enchanting air, "to be as punctual on this occasion as on the others, and you may rely upon it, it shall not be my fault if your reward is not equal to your merit."

"It will be a thousand times above it," replied Charles, re-aroused by these last words.

And he came the next morning to relate this new episode in his adventure, making me promise to accompany him to the theatre on the Monday following.

We were there on the first Monday, each armed with a good bouquet; but we did not see the incognita appear at the spot indicated by herself. The second Monday it was the same, and my confident friend began to be alarmed. Finally, on the last Monday, we returned to our post, and congratulated ourselves on our perseverance as we perceived the black dress and white bonnet!

"There she is," said Bussy with emotion, recognizing the bouquet at the first glance. We both raised our glasses, and I saw a pretty woman quizzing us, on her part, without ceremony.

But scarcely had I had time to look at her, when I heard near me several angry exclamations. These exclamations escaped from the midst of a group of young people, whose eyes and opera-glasses were fixed on the same point with ours. They were variously agitated, and dared not look at each other. Some were ashamed and stupefied, others furious and agitated, and all had that particular expression of countenance which is vulgarly called *un pied de nez*.

"What does all this mean?" I asked Charles.

"Let us go, my friend, and conceal ourselves!" murmured he, drawing me into the corridor.

Then, casting a last glance through the window of a box, and pointing to the lady of the white hat, who was still quizzing the group opposite, he said, with a smile: "What do you think of my duchess?"

"Ordinary enough; I confess I expected something else."

"And I also!" exclaimed he, in a melo-dramatic tone. Then, stooping to my ear, he added: "It is Mademoiselle X***, the *bouquetiere* of the Rue Vivienne! To day is the first of April, and I leave you to judge of what a jest I am the dupe, with my five bouquets, as well as our neighbors and companions of the gallery on the left! Sound this abyss of mystification, in order to profit by my experience, and do not look me in the face for two or three months hence!"

Having thus vented his mortification, Bussy enveloped himself in his great coat up to his eyes, and precipitated himself head-first down the grand stairway of the theatre, while I was attempting to repress a Homeric and Olympian burst of laughter.

It was impossible to contain myself longer when I saw the fifty sufferers of Charles file off in the same manner. I counted them as they passed, and they numbered at least ten, whence I concluded that by reason of five bouquets, of one louis each, besides the pleasures of the masked balls, the carnival of the flower-merchant had yielded her a thousand francs.

The custom of these gentlemen had, besides, brought her shop into vogue, and a fashionable man cannot now purchase a bouquet elsewhere.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FRIENDSHIP'S CHAIN.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDREDGE.

There is a golden chain of thought,
My heart and thine to bind;
With deep and earnest feeling fraught,
A link from mind to mind:
It will outvie the purest gold,
So tender—yet so strong,
I know it never can grow old,
When sorrows round us throng.

O no! we will not let the chain
Grow cankered by neglect,
Nor rudely snap one link in twain,
Nor whisper "I forget!"
'Twould be a mockery to de thine—
True friendship bliss imparts;
Let fortune smile or frown on us,
That chain will link our hearts.

Though other friends may seem as dear,
And others' smiles more bright,
We'll pledge our mutual friendship here,
Beneath the moon's pale light.
Nor will we never friendship's chain,
That binds our hearts together;
Nor rudely snap one link in twain—
Let us be friends forever!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SMUGGLERS OF MORECAMBE BAY.

A REVENUE OFFICER'S ADVENTURE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CAPTAIN MARSHAM came in for the next story. He was a well built, firmly knit man, rather below the medium stature, but all muscle and nerve. His head was now slightly touched by the silver-pencil of age, some five and-fifty years having passed over his head. He was an Englishman, and was now in port, being in charge of a heavy Liverpool merchantman. He told his story as follows:

"When I was along towards thirty years of age, and thereabouts, I had command of the British revenue cutter, *Rocket*. She was a schooner, of about a hundred and fifty tons, carrying six twelve-pound brass guns, and as fleet as the wind. I had a crew of fifty men, and—perhaps 'twas only good luck on my part—we had done more towards hauling up the smugglers on the shores of the Irish Sea, than all others put together. It was in the month of June that we lay in the Mersey, just below Liverpool, and I had orders to cruise around the mouth of the Dee, and from thence on along the Welsh coast; but before we got up our anchor for the cruise, an officer of the customs came on board with new orders, and I soon found that our course now lay to the north'rd, about Morecambe Bay.

"'The amount of the question is just here,' said the officer who came with the orders. 'There is a nest of smugglers somewhere about the shores of Morecambe, and for more than a year we have been hunting after them in vain. The northern part of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, are flooded with French wines and brandies, and yet we can't catch the smugglers. They are a cute set, at all events, and as a last resort we come to you. Now if you break up the gang, you'll get honor enough, at all events, and perhaps something more substantial.'

"After the officer had gone, I opened the papers. They were from head quarters, and informed me, that the vast amount of spirituous liquors that were smuggled, were landed somewhere between, or about the mouth of the Ken, and the mouth of the Loyne. I cruised about the mouth of the Loyne, then up the Ken, for nearly two weeks, without falling in with anything that looked like a smuggler. I overhauled several vessels, but could make nothing of them. All but one were, or professed to be, fishermen; but at last I found one I mistrusted. She was an old brig, but a remarkable sailer. We overhauled her off the southern point of the Isle of Walney, and she was bound out. She had only ten men on board, and they professed to be going out on a fishing excursion. But I didn't believe it. I knew the brig had no cargo aboard, and I fancied at once that she was going after one. I had boarded her, and found her deck neat and clean, and the rigging laid up in such a manner as to indicate that she was worked by experienced seamen. The ten men who were on deck, were rough, hardy looking fellows, and it took but one look into their faces to assure me that they were smugglers. There is a peculiar something in the look of a contraband outlaw, that isn't to be mistaken, and never a man had more of that look than did he who commanded the brig. While we were talking I heard a cough below. My ear caught it in an instant, but I exhibited no suspicion, only I knew they had more men below.

"When I returned to my schooner, I knew that I had been on board one of the smugglers. The brig kept on its course to the westward, and I soon made up my mind that the fellows had their contraband goods stored somewhere on the coast of the Isle of Man, where they were landed from France, and then brought across as opportunity offered.

"'Appleby,' I said to my lieutenant, 'what do you think of that fellow?'

"'Why,' returned he, with a quaint smile, 'I think he's a smuggler; and more than that, he was built purpose for it.'

"I asked him how he judged, for I had been so busy with the crew that I had not noticed the vessel.

"'In the first place,' Appleby replied—he was a keen one—'she aint so old as she looks. She's been made to look old on purpose. I could tell that by her seams, and by everything else. Then she don't draw more than five feet of water at the outside, and her bows are like a spoon. She has a keel deep enough, I'll warrant. She's made only to run in this sea, sir, you can depend upon it, and she can sail fast, too. She's a smuggler.'

"'Ay,' I replied, 'and if she only has to run to and from the Isle of Man, she can smuggle liquor enough to furnish half the kingdom.'

"'Just so,' my lieutenant said, and from that moment I had resolved to turn my attention to the brig. Each trip such a craft as that might make, with not even half a cargo, would defraud the government out of several thousand pounds, so it would pay to look after her. We had the wind then from the east'rd, and on a taut sheet I ran directly for Lancaster, which I reached in four hours. It was nearly dark when we cast anchor, and as soon as possible I made my way to the custom house. I found the officers there, and I told them if they would furnish me with some dilapidated old schooner, and take care of my vessel while I was gone, I would catch a smuggler for them. The poor fellows were pleased enough, for their customs had dwindled away fearfully. Liquors and tobacco were articles seldom entered at their port now, and yet there was plenty consumed in the country round about them.

"The schooner was furnished—an old coaster that had been last used in the herring fishery—and she answered my purpose well, for of her age and infirmities no one could doubt. When it was fairly dark we got her down alongside the cutter, and proceeded to get out such articles as we wanted. We took sufficient arms for our crew—fifty of us—a brace of pistols, a heavy cutlass, and a long knife, for each man, and provisions enough for three days. Next, I selected a set of disguises, for I always carried them, and many a time did I find them useful. We dressed, all hands of us, in full coasting costume, and when the change of raiment had been made, you would have sworn that we were the veriest coalheavers and dock jacks in the kingdom. As soon as we were thus prepared we set the sails of our new craft, and poked out to sea, and in the morning we were about ten miles to the south'rd and west'rd of Walney, and as soon as it was clearly light, I stood in towards the sandy wash at the mouth of the Ken, for I supposed the smuggler would load at Man during the night, and be by this time on her way to the coast. And I was not wrong in my conjecture, for about nine o'clock, just as we were off the western headland of the wash, we saw the brig coming in under full sail, around the point of Walney, and I saw that she was steering direct for the Ken, so up I ran, and came to anchor just off the point where the line separates Westmoreland and Lancashire.

"After all was snug I sent forty of my men below, and bade them keep perfectly quiet if they heard any one come on board. In half an hour afterwards the brig came dashing past us, and came to anchor not more than half a mile above, where a thickly wooded point of land made out into the wash, the eastern part of which was guarded by huge rocks. In less than an hour after the brig came to anchor, a boat put off from her side, with four men in it, and pulled towards us. I pulled my hair down about my eyes, gave my face an extra quantity of dirt, and I felt sure that they would not recognize me. After this I set four of my men pumping away at our old rickety brakes, and in this position the captain of the brig found us.

"'What ye doin' here?' he asked, as he came over the side.

"'Cussed old thing sprang aleak last night,' I replied as innocently as could be, 'an' we had to come in here or sink, one of the two, an' we rayther chose to come in here.'

"The fellow eyed me carefully, and then ran his eye over my companions. He was a keen-sighted chap, and up to snuff, but I rather flattered myself that I was a match for him there. He seemed satisfied with his gaze, and then he asked:

"'What ye got aboard?'

"'Nothing but duds,' I answered. 'We was bound to the Isle of Man after herrin'.'

"'Sure of it?' says he.

"'I am,' says I.

"'When d'ye mean to get out o' this?' he asked.

"'Not afore to-morrer mornin', I think.'

"'What ye stoppin' for?'

"'Why, I've sent one o' my men down to Lancaster after 'tother schooner, an' then we'll both go together.'

"'S'pose'n I look into yer hold?' he said.

"I felt startled for a moment, but I didn't show it.

"'No ye don't,' says I.

"'S'pose'n I said I *would*?'

"'Then I'd just say, *try it*.'

"'Going to take anything ashore to-night?' says he.

"I saw in a moment that he mistrusted we were smugglers, and I meant to let him think so.

"'You aren't an exciseman?' I said.

"'Not a bit of it,' he answered, with a wink.

"'Where's your goods goin'?' he asked next.

"'P'raps to Ingleton,' says I.

"After that he asked me where I came from, and so on; and though we conversed for half an hour in the same strain, yet neither he nor I gave a direct answer to one question touching our business. By-and-by he went away, and after he got into his boat, he turned towards me, and bade me 'keep my eye peeled.'

"And so the day passed on. We kept a good lookout upon the brig, but not an article of cargo left her side before dark. As soon as night had fairly come I began to prepare for action. Our pistols were looked to, our cutlasses secured, and our knives snugly stowed away in their sheaths. We could not now see a boat leave the brig, and of course we knew that they could not see us, so we got our boat down. It took three trips to take us all ashore, and then we carefully made our way up towards the bluff, one of my men knowing every inch of ground thereabouts; so under his guidance we went, and at the end of half an hour we had safely reached an opening in the low, stumpy brushwood upon the sand, and not more than ten rods from where I could see three large boats just preparing to go off. I turned to my men and bade them remain quietly where they were. I told them I was going out to the boats, and that if I gave a low, shrill whistle, they should rush after me.

"So out I went, and as I came near to the boats a stout fellow rushed upon me and seized me by the shoulder, and in a quick, startled voice, asked me who I was, and what I wanted?

"'Take care,' I uttered, 'ye aren't afeared o' me, are ye?'

"'But who are ye?'

"'Ned Slater—old Ned o' the Rotton Ranger, a chap as the excisemen an' revenue hounds ha'n't found yet. Now let me go, an' answer me. Can ye give us a bit ov a lift over beyant wi' ye boats anoon? We've got a pink or twa—some snug pipes an' a fancy brand o' pure stuff.'

"As I thus spoke, the party, eight in number, gathered around me, and one who had just come with a lantern held it up into my face. A look at my begrimmed phiz, and my quaint habiliments, and the words I had spoken, seemed to satisfy them, and then the man who had caught me spoke again:

"'What's the matter with your own boat?' he asked.

"'Got a cussed hole in the bottom,' I told him.

"'But how 'd ye dare trust us!' he asked next.

"'Ho—I ken see. Wasn't the capt'n aboard this mornin'?'

"'All right,' says he.

"'An' now ken ye help me? I must get summat on the way to Ingleton afore midnight.'

"'Well—we'll try if ye'll pay.'

"'Of course I'll pay.'

"'Then we'll do our own job for Phil Darby first, an' then we'll turn ye a hand.'

"Didn't the blood tingle to my fingers' ends when I heard that name! *Phil Darby!* He was the most notorious smuggler of the time, and had written letters to the ministers themselves, and not very bad ones either. He had told them that as long as they chose to keep such a murderous duty on spirits he'd smuggle it in spite of 'em. But I wasn't to judge of the justness of laws. I only felt a bit of joy such as made my heart fairly dance when I found that Phil Darby himself was within my reach.

"'Have ye fetched anything off yet?' I asked.

"'No, but we'll do it presently,' said he. Then he turned to his men and went on. 'Come, boys, Phil's waitin' for us.'

"They started for the boats, and at that moment I whistled.

"'What's that for?' cried the smuggler, turning upon me like a tee-totum.

"But I only knocked him down with the butt of one of my heavy pistols, and in a moment more I had fifty men by my side. I needed to give no orders, for those men had been with me before, and were used to such work. Quick as lightning they sprang upon the seven remaining men, and disposed of them as I had done with the first. The scamps were at first so startled that they thought nothing about giving any alarm, and by the time they would, under ordinary circumstances, have come to their senses, they were bound and gagged.

"'Now for the boats,' I uttered. And my men were quickly divided, for we had regular divisions into two, three, four and six parties, so not a moment was lost in separating. I took the nearest boat, Appleby took the next, and my second officer the third. I directed that all but three men in each boat should lie flat down, or hide in some way, until we came alongside the brig. These boats were large, stout, lighter-built things, and just right for our present use. In a few moments all was ready, and we put off. The brig was not more than three cables' lengths from the shore, and we were not long in pulling alongside. The darkness favored us.

"'Well—ye've come, haven't ye?' uttered a voice which I at once recognized as the same which had belonged to the captain of the brig. 'Why didn't ye wait till mornin', an' then ye'd had more light! But hurry yer stumps now.'

"I saw the heads of some twenty or thirty men peeping over the rail, but I knew they would not be prepared for resistance, at least, on the moment, and I felt sure we should make the capture without much bloodshed. The brig now lay low in the water, and from the gun'ls of the boats to her deck would be but a single leap. I knew there was no need of speaking a word to my men, for they knew jinst what was needed. Appleby went around upon the larboard side—you see the brig lay nearly stern in—and I and the second lieutenant took the starboard. The three boats struck at almost the same moment, and on the next we were upon the smuggler's deck, and at the work.

"Of course that was not the place for parley or argument, nor was it the place for much kindness. You may hunt the world over, and ye wont find a more reckless, daring, or hard set of men than the confirmed smugglers of that period. We knew very well that we could not move them to submission except by force, for I verily believe that they would have fought an army before they would have tamely submitted. So our first movement, before we spoke a word, was to knock down and bind, and for this purpose each man was provided with two straps which were to buckle around the ankles and about the arms. The iron bound butts of our pistols, made on purpose for clubbing, served us well, and the smugglers began to fall ere they could have time for thought. There were three large lanterns on deck, and these gave light enough to enable us to distinguish friend from foe. Half the outlaws were knocked down and bound before they could fairly make any opposition, but there came some hot work. About ten of the smugglers had now drawn their knives, and I soon found that they had pistols. I was sorry for this, but it couldn't be helped. Yet I didn't speak, for I knew my men would not stand long before such weapons without taking the same course.

"The struggle was going on, and ever and anon I could hear Phil Darby urging his men on.

"'Shoot 'em! Down with 'em! Give the revenue dogs no quarters!' I heard him say; and on the next moment I saw my men's pistols turned in their hands. I reached Darby's side in an instant, and dealt him a blow on the head with the butt of my pistol that settled him. Appleby, it seems, had aimed at the same thing, so he was by to help me bind the fellow. We had got the strap around his ankles when he tried to start up, but we quickly turned him upon his face, and soon we had his arms tightly strapped behind him. But it was a tough job, for he seemed to have the strength of a dozen giants. We left Darby floundering upon deck, and then sprang to the conflict; but there was little more to do. My men had shot down four of the smugglers, and the rest were soon conquered. I had seven wounded, but not a man killed.

"After I was sure that all the smugglers were safe, I went to where Darby had worked himself to a sitting posture against the quarter rail.

"'Well, Phil,' said I, 'I'm sorry for this, but I can't help it. You've run the risk, and you've lost the game.'

"'O,' he ground out between his clenched teeth, 'you're the capt'n o' that cutter, eh? Why didn't I know ye when I saw ye aboard that old coaster! O, what a fool I was!'

"'But you didn't know me, and now you're fairly trapped. But you've run a long while, Phil, and you've done it bravely.'

"'But them bloody dogs ashore—what were they doin' 'p' he cried, starting suddenly up.

"'We captured them and gagged them,' I told him.

"'Is'pose you'll give me up?'

"'Of course I must.'

"I wish you'd killed me. Phil Darby captured by a set of revenue dogs! What a thing for honest men to hear of. But leave me. Don't say anything more.'

"I declare, I almost pitied the fellow, for the idea of being thus trapped was worse to him than death would have been. However, I had my duty to do, and I went about it. We stowed the prisoners away forward, and then made sail, and before morning the brig was anchored close by the custom house in Lancaster. The prisoners were taken up to the jail, in the old castle, and when the proper officers came, the smuggler's cargo was overhauled—and a cargo it was, too, you may be assured. There were eight pipes of Port and Madeira wine, forty-four casks of brandy, nine pipes of gin, and fifty boxes of tobacco. The duties on that cargo would have been over three thousand pounds.

"That afternoon some men were sent after the old coaster we had left at the wash of Morecambe, but she was found burnt down to the water's edge. However, the loss was but trifling, for forty pounds made the owner a happy man.

"And so our work was done. The smugglers were tried—eighteen of them—and if they any of them live now, they are taking it out at Botany Bay; the contraband trade of Morecambe Bay was broken up—the good people of that section of country had to buy their liquors and tobacco of custom house stamp—and, your humble servant was a lion of the first water for two years."

A CANDIDATE'S EXAMINATION.

Under the caption of "Competitive Examinations," a late number of Punchinello contains a beautiful hit at the "Administrative Reform Association" in particular, and at examining committees generally. "Josiah Smithers" is supposed to be under examination:

Examiner—Now, Mr. Smithers, your name, I believe is Josiah? Smithers—Is it? Examiner—Very well answered. One good mark for Mr. Smithers. What is your father, Mr. Smithers? Smithers—A greengrocer, sir. Examiner—A wise son, evidently! Knows his own father. Make a special minute of Mr. Smithers's wisdom. Well, Mr. Smithers, you have been to school? Smithers—I have. Examiner—Quite correct. Another good mark for Mr. Smithers. You have probably studied arithmetic? Twice two, Mr. Smithers, I presume you are aware—are—

Smithers—Four, sir. Examiner—Very good, indeed. Another mark for Mr. Smithers.—About the history of your native country, Mr. Smithers—What is your opinion of her late majesty, Queen Anne?—I regret to say that she is dead, sir. Examiner—Perfectly right—and loyal, too. Another mark. As to physical sciences, Mr. Smithers, our satellite, the moon, you have, no doubt, been informed—

Smithers—Is composed of materials widely different from green cheese. Examiner—Admirable. Is the satellite in question supposed to be inhabited? There is, I believe one resident—a man—in the moon. I am not aware of any others. Examiner—You fairly answered, Mr. Smithers. Another mark for that. And now, sir, as to your knowledge of foreign tongues? Smithers—Commong voo. Parley voo. Kesky say. Paddy whack bang. Examiner—That, I presume, you mean for French, Mr. Smithers? Smithers—I do. Examiner—Good. You speak German? Smithers—Ich will Bier trinken. Donner und Blitzen. Das Rauchen ist verboten. Hier spricht Man Deutsch. Examiner—Any other languages? Smithers—Welsh; Cwrw da—Llandaffidd—Beth o'chimofyn? Examiner—A most accomplished linguist. Four more marks for Mr. Smithers. Now, sir, in the mechanical arts. When do you consider that a door is not a door? Smithers—With all due deference to my learned examiner, I should humbly submit it as my own opinion—when it's a jar! Examiner—Capital! Admirable! A certificate for Mr. Smithers instantly. [And the right man gets into the right place as head of his class, and is eligible for any office under the sun.]

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

This most popular song was written by Samuel F. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets. Near by, in Frankfort Street, was a drinking-shop, kept by a man named Mallory, with whom Woodworth and several friends used to resort. One afternoon, the liquor was super excellent. Wood was seemingly inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *new ale mix* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, on our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True! true!" he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.—*New York Tribune.*

Most dramas are the ideas we form of things. Events which seem to us dramatic are only the subjects which our soul converts into tragedy or comedy, according to our character.—*Balzac.*

Jester's Picnic.

"Plase yer lordship's honor," said Tim, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident!" remarked Captain Charles Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my aim on its own accord."

"That gamekeeper tells a different story."

"Och! don't you put faith in what that man says," said Ryan, "when he never cares about spaking truth, nohow. "He told me the other day your lordship was not as fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass."

"Ay, ay," exclaimed his lordship, "indeed! and what did you say?"

"Plase yer lordship, I said yer lordship was—that is, that yer lordship never was a jackass!"

A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss More, a lady of diminutive stature:

"I've lost the Little once I had,
My heart is sad and sore;
So now I should be very glad
To have a little More."

To which the lady sent the following answer:

"I pity much the loss you've had,
The grief you must endure—
A heart by little made so sad,
A little more wont cure."

A good tale is told of a clerk at a little village church in the west of England, where the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the "squire" has taken his seat. One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighboring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was doing duty. So he commenced, as usual, with "When the wicked man—"

He had proceeded so far, when up jumped the clerk, bawling out:

"Stop, stop, sir! he's not come yet."

"Edward," said his mother to a boy of eight years, who was trundling hoop in the front yard, "Edward, you mustn't go out of that gate into the street."

"No, ma, I wont," was the reply.

A few minutes afterwards she saw Edward in the street, engaged in the edifying employment of manufacturing dirt pies.

"Didn't I tell you," said she, angrily, "not to go through the gate?"

"Well, I didn't, mother," was the very satisfactory reply, "*I climbed over the fence.*"

A down-east skipper and a boy were trying to manage a small sloop, when the master of a Liverpool packet, who had been dodging out of their way, incensed at their awkwardness, cried out:

"What sloop is that?"

"The Sally, from Maine," responded the Yankee.

"Who commands her?"

"Well," replied the skipper, "I undertake to, but I swow, she's too much for me!"

"Woman's hatred," says Heine, in his quaint way, "is at bottom but a love which changes sides. Sometimes, also, they seek to do us an ill turn, because they fancy they are doing a good turn to another. When they write they always have one eye on the paper, and another on some poor wight—and this applies to all female authors except the Countess of Hahn-Hahn, who has but one eye."

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school examination.

"The chief use of bread," answered an urchin, with a kind of inquiring look, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter, apple sarse an' lasses on."

Mr. Examiner nodded full assent to the definition, accompanied with a hearty laugh; urchin looked pleased.

The headlong hurry of some itemizers to report bad news especially, reminds us of an avaricious sexton in one of our country towns, who had been for some time out of jobs, which he considered the fault of his friend, the physician. Seeing the latter passing one day, he immediately screamed:

"Doctor, isn't there anybody *right sick* now?"

A lady promised to give her maid five dollars as a marriage portion. The girl married a man of low stature, and her mistress, on seeing him, was surprised.

"Why, Mary! what a very little husband you have got!"

"La! mistress," exclaimed the girl, "what could you expect for five dollars!"

A friend in Brooklyn the other day saw an Irish carman tugging away at the cover of one of the public cisterns, so as to drop his load of coal therein, the purchaser in the contiguous house having told the man to put it down the coal "slide." If he had not been stopped, he would have poured it into the cistern in another minute.

The New York Sunday Dispatch says: "The following epigram is worthy of SAXE." Well, it ought to be, for *he* wrote it, years ago, for the Boston Post:

"When Barney told Bill 'he was looking quite ill,'
Bill stuck to his habit of broadest joking:
'That's the difference,' quoth he, 'between you and me—
That I am looking ill and that you are ill-looking.'"

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